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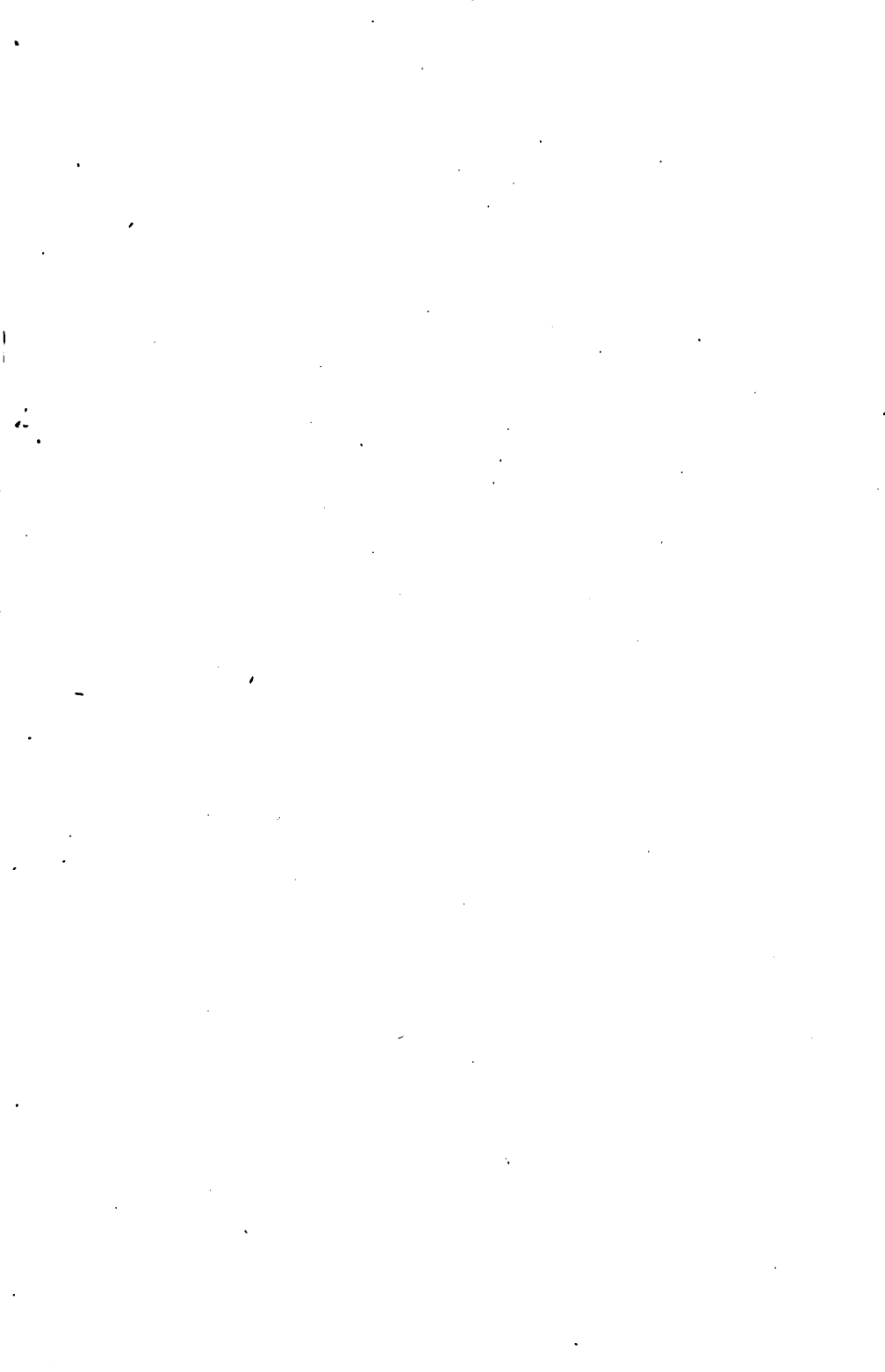
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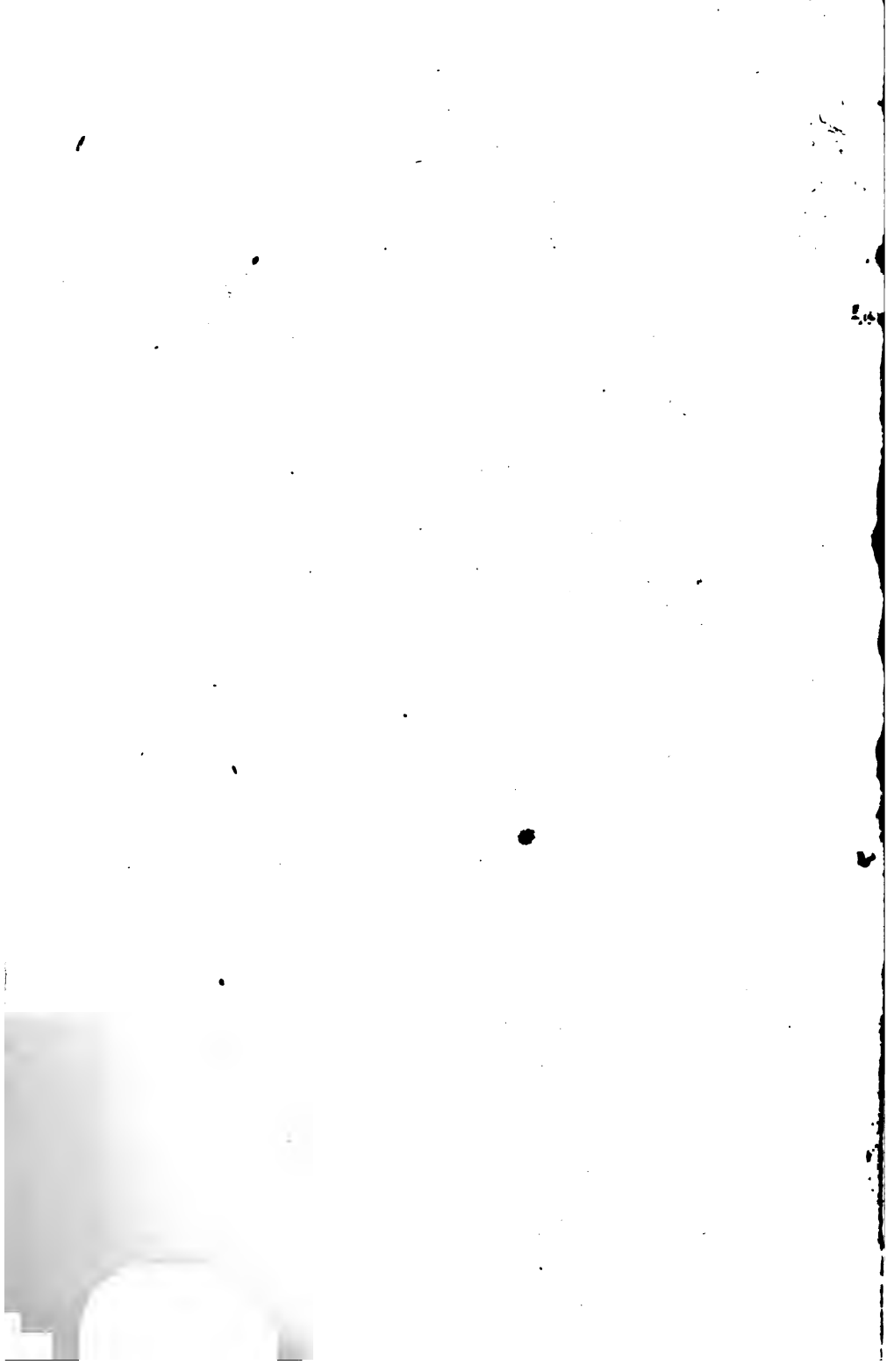


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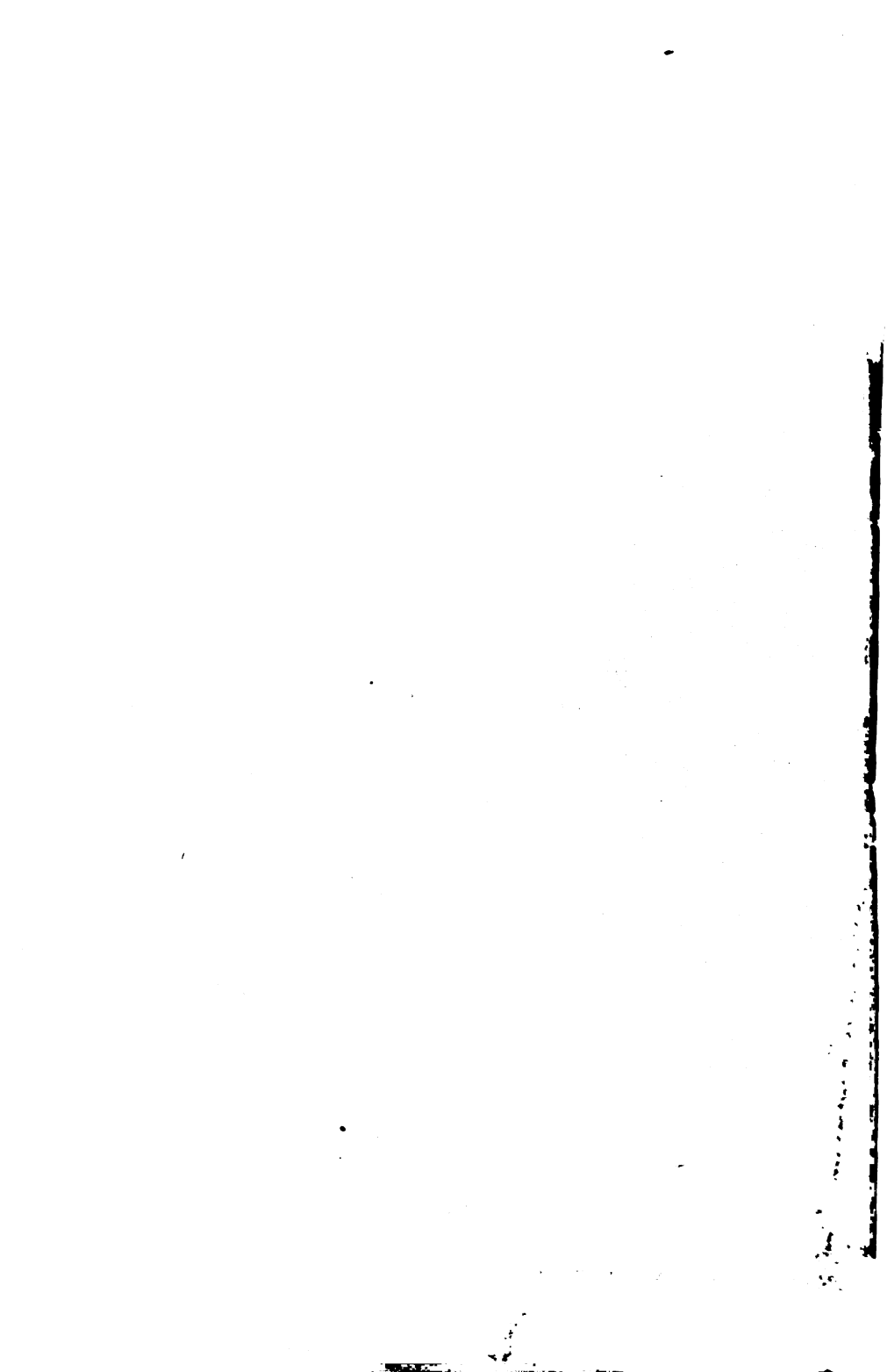




# The Land of the Tatami

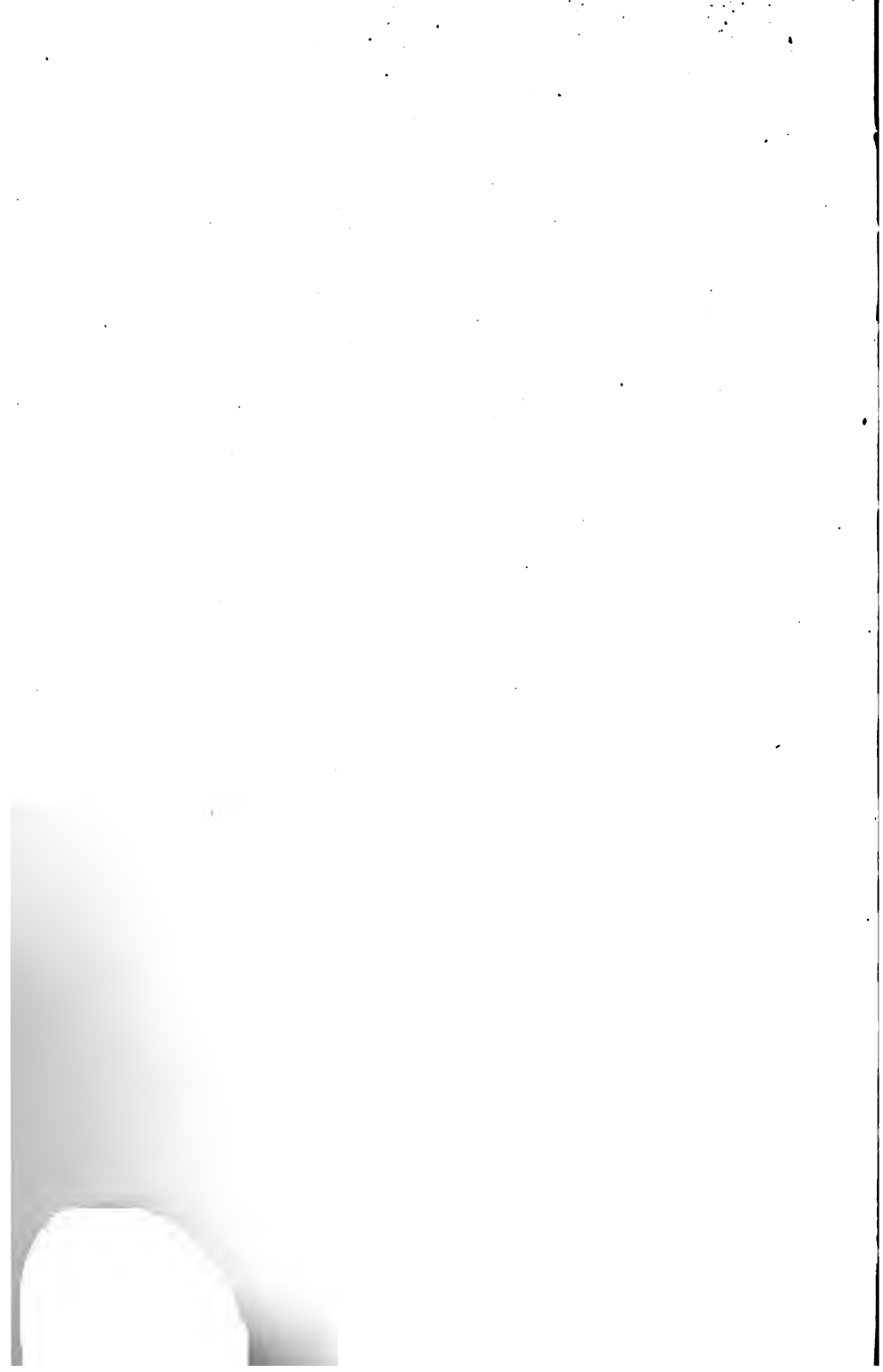
By  
Geo. T. Murray





THE LAND OF THE TATAMI.









O TARO SAN.

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# The Land of the Tatami.

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## TRAVELS IN JAPAN.

BY

George T. Murray.

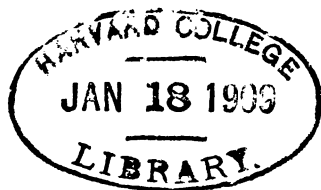
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Shanghai:

PRINTED AT THE "NORTH-CHINA HERALD" OFFICE.

1906.

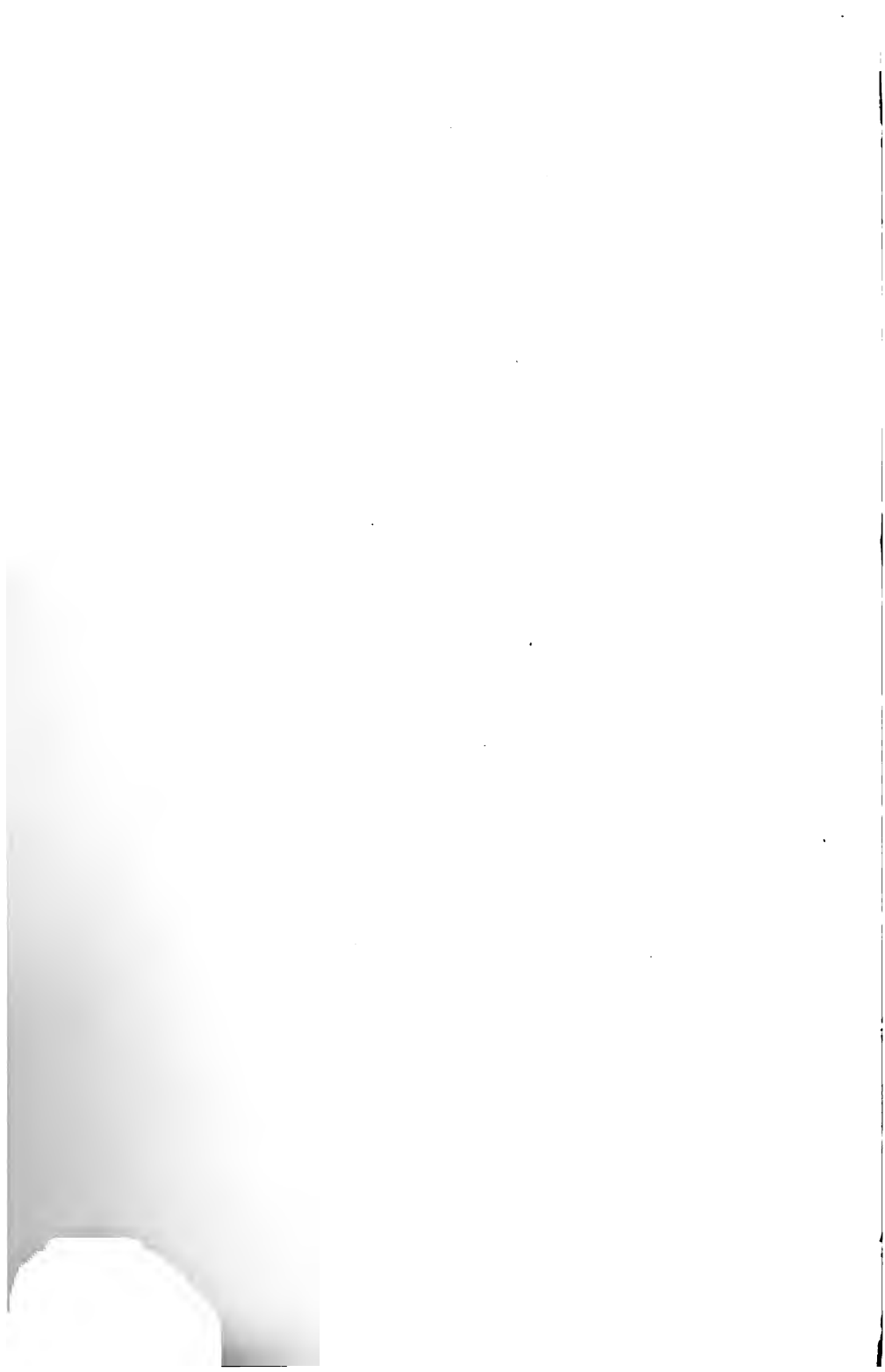
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*Bancroft gift*

*These articles appeared originally in the columns of the*  
NORTH-CHINA DAILY NEWS.—G. M.

§  
dedicate  
these travels  
to those young men of Shanghai  
who have not yet  
"been there."  
G. M.



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# The Land of the Tatami.

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THE year of grace 1904, has been, so far, a very bad one for the Japanese hotel-keeper, guide, curiomonger, and such like, owing to the very limited number of globetrotters, *elegans, independents et princeps*. The doors of hotels are gaping wide for the victim who cometh not, and it is all put to the Russo-Japanese war account. The truth is that Japan is becoming one of the very dearest places on earth to travel in. The leading hotel in one of the principal ports within a thousand miles from Kobe regrets that owing to the enhanced prices of food, etc., caused by the war, we are reluctantly forced to fix our prices of *Yen* 10 (minimum) per diem. At Rokkosan they ask you *Yen* 400 per month for a small house, *sans* servants, *sans* food, *sans* everything. Why, the Shanghai landlords are sucking doves compared with their Japanese brethren—they are actually not in it. Indeed, the old Samurai spirit seems to be making room here for the mighty *yen*, and, were it not for the glorious beauty of the land, the charm of its people, the grand, majestic landscapes, dressed in snowy cherry blossoms or purple maple leaves, Japan would be a good place to get away from.

There is just now a great deal of talk about the loyalty of these people to their Imperial master. This is no doubt quite correct as regards the soldier in the field, the statesman in his cabinet, the painter in his studio, the hero on his torpedo-boat, and all those whose motto is "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" But there is another power in this country, a kind of sort of a St. Dowie (as the Zion city people take him), a master absolute and of supreme power, the *tatami*, a little, smooth thing, 6ft. by 3ft., made of straw and covered with silky matting, absolutely restful and conducive to laziness. It rules the court and the hamlet; it regulates affairs.

To be hated it needs but to be seen—then loved—then caressed. And, oh! how comfortable it is. The little rascal sees the baby born and the old grandfather die on his bosom. He is all things to all men. In sober truth, from the holiest of Temples, in silent worship, to the wildest orgies of *saké* and *geisha*, he is the constant and faithful companion. With reverence he is trodden by bare but always clean feet; shoes he does not tolerate.

These are the dry facts. The floors of Japanese rooms are covered with four and a-half, six, eight, ten, or more of these mats, called *tatami*. The famous tea-house "Ganshokan," in Osaka, has a grand room for festivals, containing 140 *tatami*. Millions of bottles of *saké*, tons of *skiaki*, *unagi*, *mashi*, rice, etc., have been consumed, and thousands of sober and myriads of drunken men—with shoals of *geisha*—have been reclining on these mats. It is a gigantic haystack.

In a Japanese inn, where all things are clean and delight the eye and all other senses, bedsteads are not. You will probably ask the "missus" in a nonchalant way:

"I suppose you have no bedsteads."

"*Nedai wa, arimasumai, ne?*" [lit.] Bedstead as for, probably is not, ah!

"*Nedai wa, irimasen.*" Bedstead as for, enters not.

But you have your *tatami*, and on this the little daughter of the house will place an unlimited number of soft futon quilts, soft as eiderdown, silk-covered, pleasing to the touch; and she will say, kneeling before you: "For repose, your honourable self to recline, condescend."

The wooden shutters are carefully closed, the paper lamp, *andon*, is showing a soft light over the embroidered and painted sliding screens; your honourable tea is at your elbow—all is quiet, and you are alone on your *tatami*.

*O—yasumi—nasai!* Good night!

The poetry of the *tatami* lies in its surroundings. It is grafted into the hearts of these children of nature. And let me here say, in parenthesis, as a man who has gone up and down this terrestrial globe, year in, year out, in search of happiness; folding my tent after each disappointment; that here at last, in Dai Nippon, the

land of the Rising Sun, can the weary traveller find that rest, that blissful content, that *dolce far niente*, for which his soul has been searching. Nowhere, be it said with the sincerity of a grateful heart, can shattered illusions be refitted, ay, broken hearts healed as under the shadows of these mountains. Nature itself proclaims here the victory of mind over matter ; sorrow and all unkind feelings are cured by the sympathy, the kindness, the generous hospitality, the yearning friendliness of these people, descended from the gods, according to their mythology ; I think from other planets : the men from Mars, the women from Venus. And here it is where the *tatami* again comes in. It is the emblem of hospitality.

"Condescend," writes my genial host in Kioto, "my dear friend, to place your esteemed society at my disposal. Warm my humble dwelling with your noble presence. Let our thoughts intermingle freely in the contemplation of the beautiful ; the things that have been, the noble deeds of our ancestors. Let our souls meet in the happy realms which lead towards *nehan* (Nirvana). Life is but the shell of the cocoon. Even my beautiful country, which I love a thousand times more than life ; where my forbears lie, where my Imperial Tenno reigns, will soon be not. Drink to me in this fine Nippon *saké* ; let us listen to the songs of the *geisha* and enjoy the *no* dance of the little *maiko*. Come, I await you. *Go enryo naku. Sayônara.*"

My friend and I have since met and we intend to travel together through this land of charms. A thousand joys lie in anticipation before me. Where to go, what to see, whom to greet, how to fare, we will leave in the hands of Amida and Kwannon.

Just now this country is in the throes of war. The brave sons of Nippon are fighting for their very existence. The Russian bear has at last met his fate. His career of plunder, of diplomatic lies and shameless corruption has struck against a wall of granite: the noble breasts of 500,000 Japanese heroes. Pray, let it be my proud privilege to contribute my humble share in recording some of their heroic deeds, where I come across instances on my travels. In simple words spoken from my heart, let me record the doings I hear from the descendants of Hideyoshi ; their valour, their splendid preparedness, their stubborn resistance to great numbers. *Banzai* and *banzai* again until the glorious end.

Sitting on my verandah this night with my friend Matsujiro, we are smoking our cigars and looking at the starlit heavens. Our minds meet in harmony, with thoughts unspoken. We see beneath us a long country lane, shaded by the bamboo and *hinoki*, girded by mountains, grand in the solemn splendour of the night. A merry party of schoolboys are playing in the lane and suddenly there is a song wafted to us :

“*Hotaru Koè midzu nomasho.*”

“Come, firefly, I will give you water to drink.”

Sparklets as from electric lamps come up to us, moved by the gentle breezes—a swarm of fireflies (*hosaru*), the pets of Japanese youth. A voice shouts forth the telegraphic message of another great victory against the Russian enemy, and wounded soldiers, returned from Kinchou, give the jubilant *banzai*.

To-morrow we start on our travels.



## Takeo

---

DEAR old Ikeshima took me from Nagasaki to Takeo. It took us just five hours by rail along the Omura Bay. The scenery is truly grand and beautiful, small islands are lying about everywhere; tiny steam-launches (with clean *tatami*), sailing, and fishing-boats, skip about over the pure blue waters; a dream of beauty. At the halfway station you can purchase a pretty little wooden box, containing boiled rice, vegetables, fish, and sweeties, together with an earthen pot containing hot tea, for the large sum of 15 *sen*, the box and pot becoming the absolute property of the purchaser. People have said and written that in Japan there is no fruit! What about the sweetest peaches on earth, obtained from American cuttings (and no big, fat worm in the interior, like the Shanghai article, mind you), strawberries, big, juicy, sweet as sugar, apples, grapes, figs, plums, and, oh! ye bitter-sweet memories of boyhood, when I filled my pockets with green and red gooseberries, and the paternal wrath pursued me, after first emptying my pockets. Speak it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Tientsin, but there was fine eating in those days. The youth of Japan is simply living in perpetual picnics, with oceans of all varieties of fruits at his disposal. And he gets no licking. That's another of the Japanese characteristics, the august parent simply says: "*Shikata ga nai*"—"it cannot be helped."

But it seems to me that we are running away from instead of approaching Takeo, so let us return to our mutton chops (imported from China and worth here 50 *sen* per pound, the animals which own them not being able to live in Japan, on account of the sharp blades of a peculiar sort of grass, which cuts their mouths).

It is said that nearly a thousand years have elapsed since the discovery of the famous mineral springs of Takeo. Imagine : a pleasant waiting-room with *tatami* and cushions ; sponge-cake and tea served by the most delicious little maids in spotless *kimono*, who lead you down marble steps to a large room, say 50ft. by 50ft. The floor, marble ; the bath, an immense basin, black and white marble, with stairs of the same material leading to the bottom of the basin, which occupies nearly the entire room. The water hot like—Texas ; about 120° or so ; mostly iron ; a trace of sulphur, and potent against all the ills that Shanghai is heir to. And the delicious feeling of languor, of new life, of *je ne sais quoi*, when you at last recline on the soft *tatami*, and drink that green nectar from the cup which has—perhaps—just been slightly touched by the ruby lips of the houri who attends to your resurrection. Our hotel “The Three Provinces,” is situated—actually—next door to this famous bath. The attendance is all that mortal can require—in Japanese style. Clean, comfortable, pretty. My friend the landlady went so far in her hospitable endeavours, as to tell this poor barbarian that a “beefsteak, as for, can be.” It came ! a fine, fat rumpsteak, fried in butter and surrounded with fried onions. It made my mouth soda-water. It had but one drawback : to show her august guest the unlimited desire of her heart to do him good, she had covered the beefsteak and the onions and the butter with a fine crust of crushed sugar. Alas ! I could not. Hark ! from the fine hill behind the hotel came the sounds of a brass band. Ye little fishes, can it be ? Yes, it is “Marching through Georgia.” After a fine—sweet—dinner, followed by a real Havannah, reposing on my noble friend the *tatami*, and filled (besides) with a feeling of brotherhood towards all men, what would be finer and more soothing, the more so as the band was a good way off ? We called the bandmaster : he was an amateur musician, but a gentleman. Had been six years in America and tried his best, poor fellow, to teach his friends how to handle a brass band. He kindly suggested a waltz, then a polka, and the ladies of our party danced on that hill, on that grass and under the glorious moonlit sky of that night, as they had never danced before. One little Shanghailandress even declared that it beat the best fun she ever had at the Customs’ Club

dances. We danced to bed, that night, on the *tatami*, and slept like bricks, and the next morning—never felt fitter—breakfasted on salted plums, green tea, beef-tea, and coffee. Glorious memory. They don't do these things better in France. I want more Takeo, plenty.

On our way back we visited the famous potteries of Arita. The clay is procured from a mountain close to the village, but the beautiful blue dye used for decorating is said to be imported from China. My friend Ikeshima, being himself in that line of business, introduced me to the head of one of the most important potteries in Arita. The genial master and proprietor is the descendant of a long line of ancestors, who have worked this clay. His house works especially for the Imperial palace in Tokio; the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum pattern is stamped or painted on all porcelain intended for the Mikado's use, and no one in Japan is allowed to purchase or own such kind. We were shown the process from beginning to end; the potter's wheel, the oven, the painting, enamelling, and glazing. Perfect works of art are produced here. It is said that supreme efforts were made in olden days to suit the tastes of Dutch purchasers, who sent a great many fine specimens away to Europe. I was shown creations in this style at least 300 years old and their name was "Nonesuch."

The stern realities of Nagasaki point towards Obama and Unzen, where the *beau monde* of Super Mare loves to congregate. Truth is really stranger than fiction, so on that principle cleanliness must be more godly than overcrowding, and we will, therefore, take steamer to Kobe.

Gliding through the Inland Sea of Japan in spring is like gazing on a picture of Michael Angelo, there is nothing more beautiful. To visit each smiling village, to bathe in every pellucid stream, to climb all the health-breathing mountains clad in verdure, to pluck the wild flowers of the valleys, to be absorbed in the mysteries of the fairyland, these would be the desires of my heart. The stars shine brighter, the milky-way seems creamy, the moon's face is smiling. Oh, when the majesty of night falls upon this blessed land, surely the eye of the Almighty looks with satisfaction upon this masterpiece of His creation. A blessed heritage of the sons of Nippon.



Large transports, filled with soldiers for the front, pass us on these silent waters. The old Samurai spirit is there. Since the vain attempt of Kublai Khan to invade Japan, no power has tried this difficult task; Kuropatkin's hope of dictating terms in Tokio, has not, as yet, been quite fulfilled, in fact, there seem to be indications that these terms may be rendered in Japanese, somewhere on the shores of Lake Baikal.

It amuses me much to hear the Russians speaking of Japanese as "Yellow." Who are really the more yellow, the Japanese or the Russians? Did not the great Napoleon say: "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare.*" The "Yellow Peril" was a real peril, when the Russians had not yet got that additional skin which required to be removed to again make them Tartars. The skin of a Japanese is not yellow, but more like an Italian brown; as regards the skin of the female part of the race, that is just as lovely and white as Aphrodite coming out of the waves. Like good wine, it needs no bush.

The Island of Awaji lies at the end of the Inland Sea and is the gate to Kobe. Awaji is the Japanese garden of Eden; Adam and Eve are here called respectively Izanagi and Izanami. Here it was where Japan—the "Land of Reeds"—was born. The first impression of Kobe, seen from the Blue, is pleasing. The view from Wada Point is a panorama of supreme beauty. Enveloping, as with a mantle, the whole valley, stood Suwa-yama and Maya-san, nearly 3,000 feet high, with lovely villas scattered all about, and at all elevations. The city possesses a fine harbour, a broad bund, and several wide, shaded avenues. Moto Machi is the Nanking Road of Kobe, it is the haunt of the curio-collector and globetrotter, a perfect labyrinth of things good to see, good to have, and good to send home. The street is itself a part of the old Tokaido highway and leads to everywhere in Japan. Here, in the feudal times, the Daimio held his away, and his two-sworded retainers swept everything and everybody out of the way of his Highness's palanquin.

## Kobe, Shiota, Suma and Maiko

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MUCH has been written about the mode of living, the status, the prosperity, the morals, the shortcomings, and the blessings of the foreign people of this city. An Australian lady recently drew sharp comments upon herself from the foreign Press anent some remarks she had made about these matters in a book which she published after a lengthy visit. As for myself I have not made and do not aspire to make any attempts to court admission to the sacred inner circles, but will confine myself to a few remarks *re* the relations of foreigners *vis-a-vis* the Japanese and as they appear focussed by impartial observers. In two words: petty; comfortable.

That the foreign element is not very much appreciated by the Japanese, that it holds itself very much aloof, that it shows provincialism in the highest degree, is clear to the naked eye of the most casual observer. The German element is everywhere strongly represented. In trade, in fine villas, in official representation, in public matters, in exports and imports, in protests against Customs decisions, in tall hats and frock coats, you meet the Teuton foremost. My Japanese friends of all classes tell me that they do not love them over much. I have it from an old resident that things have changed for the worse these latter years. Formerly Kobe was a very paradise for men, women, and children to live in; no tittle-tattle, no cliques, no swelled heads, and no petty competition. People here dress very neatly, better on an average than they do in Shanghai. I think they do this by example from the Japanese, who are always scrupulously neat and clean, whether in kimono or frock coat. Never have I, during a troubled and much varied life,

seen the high, stiff linen collar carried in a temperature of 93°, with such martyrdom, such resignation, such bland make-belief of comfort as I have observed it here. It reigns supreme during July and August, and non-collared people from the outer world are looked upon with generous condescension. As regards morals, they have them here like the measles—at certain seasons, or, as they have them everywhere, while human nature is what it is. You cannot expect the same temperament in sunny Japan as you would expect to find it on the icy slopes of Kamschatka. Things go as they go, but there is no false prudery, except at Suma. I take it that on the whole the Japanese are gradually improving their foreign residents and, given time, a good and happy race may be the result. A lovely place to live in, a cheap cremation at the end (Yen 7 first-class); summer villas, sea-bathing, excursions, clubs, yachts, regattas, cricket, boating, good pay, fair profits, oh, plethora of bliss, what could a kind destiny do more for any mortal? Personally speaking, if any kind and benevolent party would give me the means of ending my declining years in Kobe, I would show sufficient gratitude to make him happy. I think I shall apply to Mr. Carnegie.

On my arrival in Kobe I met the beautifullest Japanese girl I ever saw in my life. An introduction, a bow, a handshake; "*Sayōnara, Auf Wiedersehen*," and all was over. The fiend of poetic frenzy seized me by the hair, and this is the result—

There never was a peach so sweet,  
Or flower in this happy land ;  
Which could compare, which can compete  
With little Momo Taro San.  
Her rosy lips would pout disdain  
At all the youth of fair Japan,  
Who tried to flirt, but all in vain,  
With little Momo Taro San.  
The fairest of the fair is she  
To be her slave, resist who can,  
She's true as steel to me, to me,  
My little Momo Taro San.

They have a Masonic Lodge and Club in Kobe, which is equal, if not superior, to the Shanghai affair. It is worked on the English Constitution, and possesses a chaplain in the person of a popular clergyman, and as good an all-round Brother as you will ever meet

on a sunshiny day. Earnest, sincere, *bon homme* and a boy among boys. May he live to rear many a Doric and Corinthian column amidst these mountains!

Let me here give a little advice, gratis, *re* Railway Stations: When you book yourself, your wife, cousins, and aunts and luggage from Sannomiya station, you do this business from the station, in the ex-concession. Kobe and Hiogo stations are miles away. Likewise when taking your ticket for self and luggage back to Kobe, pray, be very careful to book for Sannomiya and not for Kobe station. If your ticket should have been taken for the latter, you will put yourself and your innocent luggage (and aunt) under the painful necessity of sending somebody to Kobe for it (or her) which would cause delay and expense. *Dō itashimashite!*

The Nanko temple is worth visiting, and also the bed of the Minatogawa, where a perpetual fair is held, with trained monkeys, dogs, and merry-go-rounds. At Nanko there is an aquarium and a nice cool buffet, where ice-cream, cold ham, and other delicacies are served in the foreign style. These places are crowded nightly by thousands of people and millions of babies; bazaars and booths abound, and teahouses and geishas are all around it. These are the very Elysian fields for Japanese boys and girls; here the Obasan and Okusan walk around with Danna leading the way with the Kodomo and the Musume. Nowhere, in the wide world, are children so petted, so loved, so much taken fond care of as in Japan. They rule the camp, the court, and the heart of the people. And they are the most enticing, most graceful, most loving little mites you will ever meet. Never rude, always sweet and clean, laughing, contented with the tiniest little toy, they steal away the hearts of us grown-ups and play with us at their pleasure.

The Sanyo Railway takes you to Suma in about fifteen minutes. The express trains on this line are supplied with sleeping and dining cars *à la Pullman*; they give you a good square meal and a decent bottle of claret at reasonable prices. The arrangements regarding the transfer of soldiers to the front have now evidently been completed, and the trains run as regularly as clockwork. The magnificent temple at Suma was in all its glory when I visited it. Avenues of cherry trees in full bloom, surrounded the sacred edifice.

A perfect example of landscape gardening, never to be forgotten. On the other side we have the Inland Sea, a half-moon bay, sandy, smooth as a lawn, stretching for miles, shaded by venerable pines, the bather's ideal. Villas, Japanese and foreign style, dotted about everywhere; lovely gardens and superb roads, the dream of bicycling. Foremost of all the villas is the princely residence of Mr. Sumitomo, millionaire banker, philanthropist, and jolly fellow. Suma lies shrouded in beauty alongside its near neighbour Shioya. There we have a foreign hotel with comfortable rooms for a day or a month, with a table as good as that of the Astor House. There are here tennis lawns, smooth-shaven and level, running right down to the beach, bathhouses by the score and men, women, and children sporting in the briny deep. We asked for whisky and tansan. *Arimasen*. Beer? *Arimasen*. What then? Oh, *Danna San*: iced asparagus, sandwiches, and lemonade, *arimas*. We stuck it out on lemon squashes. It appears that the American gentleman, who was the then manager, was trying to run his ranch on strict temperance, non-alcoholic system, but (friend Kahler please note) he has, I believe, since then repented of himself and reformed the errors of his youth. You can now get anything to drink, from cognac to gin and bitters, and the management has been changed. The Kobe people are not total abstainers! Next to Shioya we have Maiko, a lovely spot on the Inland Sea, shaded by curiously-shaped pines. A great place for picnics, with scenery unsurpassed. Sir Robert and the Osaka Exhibition Commissioners had their portraits taken here. You can run your bicycle right up to Maiko and beyond on a splendid road running alongside the track, or the Kobe livery stable will supply you with a four-wheeler at the small charge of *Yen* 6 per day.

Kobe is the proud possessor of a brass band; the leader is an elderly Italian gentleman, who swings his baton with great energy. The musicians are trained Japanese, who put into their music a good deal of the martial spirit which fills the breasts of the sons of Nippon. Needless to say the town adores its band and that it would be miserable without it. The Oriental Hotel gives two concerts weekly on the fine lawn adjoining the caravanserai, and the trembling victims of the genus globetrotter who pay their ten

yen per day, board and lodging (and who are thus enabled to slide around the globe on a sleek and contented belly filled with beef-steak and potato salad, *vide* Rudyard Kipling's advertisement) are permitted to grace these concerts by their presence without any extra charges whatsoever. I am awfully certain that if Kalee would open a branch here, it would be crowded from top to bottom. People are hunting around for places to get something to eat at reasonable prices, and, if Mahomet would come to this mountain, he would "hear of something to his advantage." The cidevant Russo-Chinese Bank here has evaporated; the stables are quite empty and give the pensive passer-by an additional proof of the short term allotted to all things human and Russian. May it reopen in all its former glory when things have been squared, under the style and title of "Japanese-Russian." The Kobe Club is a fine building, surrounded by a very nice garden. I have only seen it from the outside, but I am told—pray, take it *cum grano salis*—that the "better class" of Japanese are admitted. Who knows what the proud Anglo-Saxon in his supreme condescension may *not* do?

Much has been written about Japanese characteristics; many specialists have tried to probe the unfathomable depths of the Japanese inner man. Some say this, some think that; others have confined themselves to metaphysical epigrams, others again have brayed forth insults. To me the problem seems quite easy and simple; but then, you know, "when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." To me the Japanese man is *a man*: earnest, faithful, clever, light-hearted, the bravest of the brave, a friend true unto death, a strong hater, a kind master, venerating his parents, loving his wife, and worshipping his children. The Japanese woman is nothing but a gentle dove, that is, during prosperity. But let misfortune knock at the door, let sickness and misery attack her beloved ones, and she becomes at once a heroine, grand in sublime endurance. The long sleeves of her *kimono* are always wet with her tears, but her brave heart fights the enemy, inch by inch, to the bitter end. She is the mother of the present race of great men, who are fighting as champions of a civilisation which will astonish the world yet more than it does even in this day.

Unforeseen events will happen before long. The Japanese are chosen to create a new era. The nightmare bred in Berlin will assume a shape never dreamt of by the Emperor. The "Yellow Peril" is dead; it was still born.

The Japanese count the male as the superior animal; the female takes the second place. Thence the great attention, deference, and respect shown to the master. Many salt tears have been shed, and a good few white teeth have been gnashed by foreign ladies and misses, sojourning or living permanently in this country, because they receive only secondary attention. A certain miss told me once with bitter disappointment that "Japan is no country for ladies." Bless their little hearts, they were spoiled in infancy.

Basil Hall Chamberlain and Lafcadio Hearn are two men who understand Japan and who love her well. Their works are embedded in the hearts of their many readers. The difference between these two is: that whereas the former, though loving the country which restored his health and made him famous, yet remains at heart a Briton, the latter has been entirely absorbed by Dai Nippon, and has become a naturalised Japanese subject.



## Osaka

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OSAKA, the Manchester of Japan, is reached by the Tokaido Railway from Kobe in about an hour. The rails follow the curves of Osaka Bay; on one side the water, on the other the verdure-clad mountains. The river Yodogawa, as wide as the Huangpu, but much cleaner, runs through the city, and is crossed by fine iron bridges that would put Shanghai to the blush. Numerous canals intersect the streets and give it the appearance of a Japanese Venice. From the Hotel verandah it is indeed a sight to see the thousands of boats float by. Young Japan is trained here in the handling of foreign style gigs and sailing craft. They seem to work *con amore* and with unsurpassed *esprit*. Here you find "flower-boats" anchored, where you are supplied at night with "tea and geisha," shaved or rather planed ice like snow-flakes, and all kinds of dainties. The life here on a hot summer night, when the whole population seems to be on the river, is a pleasure to behold. Noise, drunkenness, rowdyism, and all other sicknesses of that kind do not exist, *saké* and lovemaking plenty. The *samisen* and the *koto* send forth their melodies, and the moon shines down on us with his Japanese smile, which seems to give a silent approval of our goings on.

It was my good fortune to drop on Osaka just when the great semi-annual wrestling matches were in full swing. There are in Japan two wrestling districts—Tokio and Osaka. Twice in a year the members of the guild assemble in the cities and there combat each other. These are men of enormous strength; flesh hard and muscles of iron. The programme gives the names of the two antagonists in each combat, and the winner is declared by two



judges and four umpires. Everything is done in the old feudal style (except the nasty German blankets covering the mats and which I implored—with tears in my eyes—the guardians of peace to remove); the dresses of the umpires are superb. In deep sonorous voice the name of each champion is declared. The gladiators themselves are naked, with the exception of a loincloth for decency's sake. The champion of all, Wakashima, is a Hercules. He appeared on the stage with the mystic strawrope—the champion's belt—around his enormous belly. He threw his opponent out of the ring in 20 seconds, encircling him like an iron vice and seemingly crushing him. These men remain celibate until they reach the age of thirty; after which they are considered unfit for any further wrestling. They then marry and become good citizens, but they all drink saké like camels drink water.

Good souls had arranged our private box and had placed a chair for me on the tatami. Baskets of fine strawberries, coated with crushed sugar, were placed on neat little lacquered tables. How to eat these in Japanese style in a wrestling show: Ram each strawberry with a toothpick, roll it well around in the sugar, and convey it thusly to your mouth. Try it! There was also Watson & Co.'s E Whisky with Hirano—*takusan*—wines of all kinds, including Nihon *saké*, and delicious green tea in tiny cups. We spent six happy hours in this circus, threw money on the stage for our favourite and invited the champions to take drinks with us. No one ever refused: neither E, nor Hirano, nor *saké*; but, alas; to make these heroes of the ring really drunk would be a difficult and very expensive undertaking.

I spent a very pleasant day with Messrs. Tsunetaro Takeuchi and T. A. Sone, the managers of the Asahi Beer Brewing Company. The brewery is situated at Suita, the railway station next to Osaka. It is an enormous building, containing all the very latest improvements in beer brewing. The chief man here is a German expert, specially engaged, who rules supreme over men and women, vats, machinery, malt, and hops (these last all imported). The beer has a tremendous sale and is also supplied to the Imperial table. They make a kind of lager beer during the hot season: it goes down like a waterfall and acts on the body like Mother Siegel's syrup: there



MRS. MORGAN,  
NE O YUKI SAN, GEISHA FROM KIOTO



is absolutely nothing better. Oh, to be a giraffe, with such a long neck ; imagine the ecstasy during that long descent.

While cooling off at Arima (of which more anon) I made the acquaintance of a great many soldiers who had been wounded in battle and were, when convalescent, sent by a generous government to the above-mentioned lovely place. I had the honour of becoming intimate with officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. We passed many happy hours together ; they telling their adventures and I listening. These brave fellows were chaffing under the delay caused by the slow healing of their wounds, and burning with impatience to have another lick at Johnny Ruskie. The happy recipients of medical certificates declaring them fit for actual service were sent in batches to their respective homes, there to pass a short time with parents, wives, and children and then once more, to death or glory. Sergeant S—— O—— was one of these heroes. Poor fellow, he had been well sliced : on breast, legs, arms, and head he bore telling proofs of his bravery. He hails from Osaka. And the other day I received a letter from him, which I herewith give verbatim :

Murray *San*, Arima.

“Dear Sir,—How do you do? It is very hot day. I’m very sorry and trouble from come back our leaves, for our beds are as spring as warm. Please give me photographs a piece of in the Daikoku pond of the Maruyama, then I will pleasure to see it and your beautiful home, and will be show as family as dearer every day and I will feeling extora sweet. Now I am waiting it from my spirit. Don’t be laughing.

S—— O——.”

No, my dear, good fellow, I will not laugh ; but tears come to my eyes when I read your touching, sincere, and humble request. And I have read it often. Retranslated into your own beautiful Japanese, it reads correct and straight to the point. My soul will be watching your future career and, if it must be that fate will make it short, may your brave spirit meet that of the noble Hiroisé, the Japanese hero who died in immortal glory.

The Osaka castle is no more. The walls, huge blocks of stones, and a few outhouses, are all that remain of this once mighty edifice. It was built by Hideyoshi, the Japanese Napoleon, in the year 1583,

and destroyed by the Takugawa Shogun's forces in 1868. I found it occupied by soldiers and horses; crammed with guns, munitions of war, and provisions. The second Reserve forces were drilling hard; a good many of them went down afterwards with the ill-fated *Hitachi Maru* on their way to the scene of war.

There is a very interesting museum containing antiques of all kinds in Osaka; the zoological garden is also well worth visiting. For mint, temples, etc., please see guide books.

Osaka lies out of the track of the annual swarm of tourists; these go from Kobe direct to Kioto and upwards. The foreign element has almost entirely disappeared; trade being done by the Japanese exclusively. A few missionaries, who pretend that they make converts, but who in reality are nothing more nor less than teachers of the English (and American) language, heavily subsidized by their wealthy societies at home, still drag along a lonely but most comfortable existence, varied by vacations spent in cool and beautiful summer resorts. The Osaka Hotel, a very fine building with good table and all modern comforts, is almost entirely supported by Japanese officials, merchants, clubs, and meetings. These people have no objections to a good foreign meal with a bottle of Monopole to wash it down.



## Arima

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ALL roads lead to Rome and a good many lead to Arima. Starting from Kobe (Sannomiya) you take your ticket for the first station, Sumiyoshi; from there you can take *kago* or walk over Rokkosan, a mountain 3,000 feet high. The road is good; a friend of mine does it on horseback. On the mountain there is situated the foreign Settlement of "Bellevue," consisting of about forty villas, owned by Kobe people, who reside here during the summer. It is also a great place for their honeymoons. Occasionally a typhoon comes along and raises particular Cain with these mountain châteaux. But they always build them up again. Some of them are like Hans Andersen's house: it did not know on which side to fall, so it remained standing. The Kobe golf links are here and the view is perfectly beautiful. Another road leads direct from Kobe to Arima; it must be easy of ascent and comfortable, as I noticed a landau drawn by two horses, and containing ladies and children, arrive here at Arima direct from Kobe. But the route I would recommend is this: Take your ticket by Government line at Sannomiya station for Sanda. You will go as far as Kansaki, where you will be transhipped to the Hankaku line, direct to Sanda. You need not trouble yourself after that about your luggage, that will be checked direct to Sanda. Be careful to watch Kansaki station, as there you will have to change cars.

Arrived at Sanda your task will be easy; at the station there are multitudes of 'ricshas waiting for you. These vehicles are driven tandem fashion: a dog leads the man in the shafts, and pulls all the way like a Trojan. Quite a new sensation. It would be as well to order a cart for your luggage to meet you at the

station ; a telegram (five *sen* per word) to your hotel in Arima, to that effect, would make that all right. Going up to Arima, stopping half-way at Yamaguchi, will take about two and a-half hours; coming back (going down) one hour will bring you to Sanda. The road is perfectly smooth and easy, and the ascent gradual—you hardly notice it. No precipices, no ravines, no goose-flesh-creating, giddy mountain-peaks ; the road for an invalid. Now I must not forget to begin to tell you that the scenery from the rails between the station Takaradzuka (whence comes Messrs. Gande & Co.'s famous Tansan mineral water) Namaze, Takedeo, Dōjō, and Sanda is really grand ; there are no less than twelve large tunnels through the mountains, and the river, rushing along the gorges, foaming over the rapids and spanned by bridges, is indeed a sight worth seeing. The time taken by *kago* from Sumiyoshi is three hours ; walking about double ; from Sannomiya *viâ* Hankaku line to Sanda about three hours, thence by 'ricsha to Arima two and a-half hours, total five and a-half hours.

The famous mineral springs of Arima are twofold : at the entrance of the village, *viâ* Sanda, is situated the bathhouse, where are hot baths containing chloride of sodium, iron, potassium, and calcium, very beneficial for sufferers from rheumatism and liver complaints. The bathhouse is divided by a broad corridor, on the left side of which are the gentlemen's, on the right side the ladies' rooms. Each bather by paying twenty *sen* has a furnished bath-room and dressing-room to himself. If two persons bathe together in one room, the charge is thirty *sen* for the two ; if more than two, charges in proportion. The water is a natural hot mineral water, which comes rushing from the mountain and is conducted through pipes to the bath. The tanks sunk in the floor are about four and a-half feet deep by seven feet wide. They and the floor are covered with glazed tiles, which have turned a purple red, owing to the iron contained in the water. The floors of the dressing-rooms are covered with nice mats and are furnished with chairs, baskets, mirrors, clocks, etc., etc. In its natural state the water is much too hot for anything but scalding a pig, it is therefore diluted with cold water and the bathman will give it any temperature you desire. Of course, the hotter the more effective. The rooms also contain a

shower bath and a small wooden tub, in which natural water is heated on a small charcoal stove. This is for the purpose of washing the body with soap, after the bath. Never use any soap in the mineral bath; you will be sorry, if you do, but soap your face and hands well afterwards in the hot water from the small bath. Do this daily for a month, and you will arise a centaur. A Japanese friend of mine takes five baths every day, including Sundays; sometimes he rises to six. His favourite temperature is 130°. Verily, his appearance on emerging is that of a boiled lobster.

A Mr. R—— arrived here from Shanghai just a month ago. He was suffering from diabetes. He was carried from the railway carriage to a *kago* (the native mountain-chair) and came to the hotel, without any hopes of ever walking again on this side of the river Jordan. He was taken to the bath on a chair, dumped into the tank and soaked for half-an-hour. He did this daily. This morning he left for Kobe, on foot, cured, and his last words to me were: "It is a d—— shame, they don't keep better whisky here. I say, old chap, how many cigars can you spare? I have got just sufficient to last me to Sanda." I forgot to mention that he also drank every day his four or five bottles of the Arima Tansan; an evil-smelling beverage, much resembling Carlsbad.

There is also a nice waiting-room in this bathhouse, with a verandah fronting the roaring river. You are here supplied with tea, salted, and flavoured with a kind of berry. Delicious! The present bathhouse was rebuilt in 1891; the original one was erected by the great Taikō Toyotomi Hideyoshi, in the sixteenth century. It has been destroyed by fire and alarums over and over again, but its manifold virtues cause its resurrection. May it continue to reconstruct frail humanity for another thousand years!

The second bath at Arima is situated some distance off on the slope of the mountain. Here is the famous well, sacred to the memory of many generations. From hoary antiquity it has been known, and its virtues appreciated. A small pavilion shelters the clear, ice-cold, ever-bubbling spring. Everything; steps, floors, the casement of the well, is solid stone; clean, classic. The water itself is bad to the taste: bitter, strongly mineral, like a beverage distilled from rusty iron. But of its virtue in cleansing and



strengthening the human body, there can be no doubt. There are benches (covered with these dreadful German-made red blankets, how I abhor them!), chairs, tables, billiards (ye gods), and other articles *de luxe*. The attendants will serve you with glasses of water, freshly drawn, with sugar, at the rate of two *sen* per glass; without sugar one *sen*; but anyone is at perfect liberty to bring his own glass and help himself *ad libitum*. The hotels also supply this article gratis. The bath here is cold, mineral. But, if you so desire, it will be heated for you at any time you may appoint, day or night. It is not so strong as the lower bath and some doctors prescribe it for their patients as a preparation for taking the stronger one.

There are at the present time between three and four hundred wounded soldiers stationed in Arima. They have been fighting everywhere; their certificates to that effect they carry on their bodies. Shot wounds, sword cuts, and bayonet thrusts—everyone has them: plenty. One of them told me the story of Hirose and here it is:

#### POEM OF HIROSE.

##### 1.

Amidst the storm of hail and bullets stands  
The hopes of Nippon placed in his hands,  
Light floats the fated ship that he commands, Hirose.

##### 2.

Left far behind now are his homely ties,  
To do his duty: that he bravely tries,  
For this he labours, and for this he dies: Hirose.

##### 3.

His noble heart abhors all pomp and state,  
He's been morose and taciturn of late,  
He meets his death, while searching for his mate, Hirose.

##### 4.

Fast come the shells; the Russian searchlights fall,  
With swift and sudden flashes on them all,  
His hopes are cast adrift, beyond recall, Hirose,

##### 5.

Thrice goes he, searching for his trusted man,  
Who's gone beneath the cruel ocean,  
Japan knows not the coward's "Save who can," Hirose.

## 6.

One shell, more awful deadly than the rest,  
Hits square and true the noble hero's breast,  
Bears his immortal soul to sleep and rest, Hirosé.

## 7.

A fragment of thy body still we have,  
With national honours carried to thy grave,  
A fragment of the Bravest of the Brave : Hirosé !

## 8.

And, like thy country, beautiful and grand,  
Thy memory lies enshrined in Nippon's land,  
The first of many in thy noble band : Commander Hirosé.

A noble specimen, truly, of a nation who will fight, not only to the last man, but to the last woman and to the last child. We have here officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. They are all dressed alike—with certain marks displaying their different ranks—in long white cotton *kimono* and white caps, all marked with the Red Cross. Gentle as lambs, but tigers when roused. The lust of battle gleams in their eyes when they relate their triumphant victories ; of defeats they have none to relate. Contempt, utter contempt for their enemy. Contempt for his fighting, for his strategy, for his marching, for his want of *esprit de corps*. Pity only for his sufferings. I was shown a letter from a Russian officer, who was slain in battle at Kinchou. It was found in his cap and contained the following lines from Goethe :—

“Wer nie sein Brot mit Thränen ass,

“Wer nie die Kummerlichen Nächte

“Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,

“Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.”

A youth, perhaps, gently reared—and broken-hearted !

There are some beautiful views in Arima, especially from Maruyama Daikoku, where there are lakes, waterfalls, kiosks, large mineral swimming baths, and other attractions, and from Mount Atago where you can see “Arima Fuji” in the distance, so-called on account of its supposed resemblance to the real Fujiyama, hump and all. The nights are fine, with myriads of fireflies, the favourites of the Japanese youth. To walk on the shaded mountain-roads is to dream away your life ; to lie on the grassy dells under the shade of a mighty maple, with perhaps a book of some kind or a pleasant

companion, is peace and happiness. These roads, shaded by cherry trees, maples, the bamboo, and the ground pines, remind one of home and youth.

There is a man here who goes with you to any famous place you desire, and then takes your photograph. He has a shop on the main street of the village, and the sign reads thus :—

Notice.

Dear Customer please don't be forget to visit Photograph.

I am diligent and honest for business and the work is artismum and morest skilful.

Katsujiro Hino, Arima.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of his "notice" he takes very good pictures and his charges are small indeed. He has also in stock a large variety of views of Arima, taken by him during the "off" season.

The boys here have a way of hypnotising the dragon-fly. These insects sit by thousands on the hedges and fences. The youngster stands in front of his victim and makes with his hands circles in the air around its head rapidly; the result is that the animal gets dizzy and becomes an easy prey; they are carried in the hands, artistically arranged, by the hundreds, and then all at once let fly; a veritable hurricane.

There is a kind of cotton cloth made here in lengths to suit the customers. It is put on a wooden block, unrolled, and fresh leaves of the maple and ferns are placed underneath. Then with a wooden mallet the leaves are hammered until the juice has penetrated the cloth. It is then submerged in the mineral water, repeatedly, until it assumes the iron colour, which will last for ever. The Japanese wear this cloth around their bodies, like cholera belts; it is said to retain the virtues of the different minerals for a long period of time, and is considered very beneficial to health. The hotels supply the block, the mallet and the leaves; all you have to do is to purchase the cloth; you can than "leaf" it yourself in all the artistic and fancy designs your mind calls forth.

The Indian summer—"Ko-haru"—"the little spring," as the Japanese call it, is said to be the finest season in Arima. The



IKUNO GOLD AND SILVER MINES



maples then turn purple and everywhere you see the people picking mushrooms, with which the hills here abound.

There are thirty-five Japanese, one foreign, and three semi-foreign hotels in Arima. As regards the Japanese hotel, it must be said that it is all one can desire ; neat, scrupulously clean, airy ; the ideal of a summer villa. The maids who attend to you are pretty and most pleasing. The landlady is childlike and bland. You are supplied with three meals per day, with mosquito-curtains, nice clean *utons* and pillows, soft cushions, and bath. The charge is about two *yen*, counted daily ; ice and such things as melons and grapes, extra. But here it is when "*Chadai*" comes in. This is literally "Tea-money," and is the curse of the travelling public. It should be paid on taking possession of your room, and the scales are in proportion to your rank and wealth. I should say about three-quarters of your actual charges : say total charge nearly four *yen* daily. The best rooms are situated in the rear, usually fronting on a pretty garden. You sleep and dine in the same room. Friend *tatami* reigns here supreme. For the fun of the thing, and as a novelty, I would recommend a trial of this mode of spending one or two weeks ; a China hand can always command a beefsteak or a sweet omelette, if he should be unable to eat Japanese food. There are many dishes palatable to the foreign taste, such things as fried eels, omelettes, soups, chicken, and beef stews, sponge-cake, etc., being appreciated by many foreign residents in Japan. The attendance is of the very best, by the most polite and fascinating people on earth you are always served on bended knees, and everything you get, you eat, you drink, you reject and pay for, is designated as "honourable." A Japanese maid opens your door, kneeling, comes in, kneels and shuts the door. There is no noise, no banging doors, on prudery. The old Daimiōsha d it that way.

As for the one foreign hotel here, it is equal, if not superior, to any hotel in Japan—in its charges. Certainly, it boasts a fine situation, on "our own" lawn-tennis ground ; billiards, bar, and airy rooms. The food is hashy ; the attendance is bad ; the class of visitors so-so. To those, who are favoured with a fat purse, and whose idea of bliss is lounging on a cool verandah, it is recommended.

There are three semi-foreign hotels here, the Sugimoto, the Kiyomizu, and the Masuda. Of those the Sugimoto is the best. It is a large airy house, in the Japanese style, with lofty verandahs running all around its three stories. It is furnished with *tatami*, camp-beds, blankets, sheets, pillows, and pillow-cases,—plain deal tables and chairs, sliding screens, paper windows, cupboards, and wash-hand stands. It stands on a lofty eminence. The food is abominable, the attendance fair. One great convenience is that the rooms are double and count as one only, and that the meals are served to parties in their own particular dining-room. This enables the tired traveller to eat, drink, and comfort himself *en negligé*—in *kimono* or “*nodding*” as he pleases. The hotel supplies *kimono* and slippers. At the foreign hotel one has to “dress” for meals, and punkahs are not. The Sugimoto is crowded; the Ven. Archdeacon M—— from Shanghai and family, and other Shanghailanders seem to be quite comfortable there. But let me advise the mouse which gets into this trap, to provide himself in Kobe with sundry articles in the provision line, such as tinned soups, meats, delicacies, and so forth; short of these, he will starve. I have forgotten to mention that these hotels are also furnished with cheap prints of the Royal family of Great Britain, Queen Alexandra seeming to be the favourite. What is home without a chromo? Oh, my prophetic soul my—aunt!” “Get thee to a tannery!” (Shakespeare.) The other two hotels are run on similar lines, but worse.

But the very best way of spending three months in Arima is this: Choose July, August, and September. Apply previously to the postmaster (who owns a good part of Arima) or to the Sugimoto, Kiyomizu, or Masuda hotels, for a villa. These are clustered around the hills, near the public tennis-court, and are Japanese, pure and simple. The terms are moderate. They are supplied with the same kind of comforts as the hotels: tables, chairs, beds, etc., and are mostly situated near the river and bathing places. Take your own cook and amah with you, or engage these in Kobe. Arima has a good market, where the daily necessities can be obtained; fruit, beef, vegetables, sugar, etc., etc., are there in abundance. There is nothing better on this globe,—and I have investigated a good many places thereon—than to dream

away three months in one of these Arima villas. With a boon companion, a wife, a family, a sweet illusion, a Shakespeare, and Byron, a fair daisy, a sharer of joys—these are pleasures greater than our sinful lives deserve. Let us enjoy them in penitence and repentance! There is a church here and about 100,000 missionaries more or less, “cooling off;” they are staying at the semi-foreign hotels, where the charges are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  *yen* per day and no *chadai*. They seem kind and polite folk; sincere in their work and most unassuming in their manners. They all bring their wives and their offspring, and they come from all parts of Japan, north, south, east, and west, where they try to make converts during the cooler season. They hold several conferences here, and their church is called “Conference Hall.” Daily prayer meetings, the Holy Communion, and weekly services for foreigners and Japanese, are the rules. I happened to have a letter of introduction from Shanghai, and was received with all courtesy and goodwill. Japan is a blessed country for the missionary: no Boxers, no filthy people to live with, no trouble with mandarins, but, let it be said, they take good care to keep away from politics, as they have been made to feel that the Japanese are absolute masters of their own country; there is no interference with justice, nor disputing judgments given by officials, as in China. They know better! *Cave canem!*

Japanese houses have wooden shutters, which are shut at night and again opened in the morning. They are there to prevent thieves from plying their trade during the weird hours of the night. The word thief is in Japanese *dorobo*, with a strong roll of the “r” thus *dorrrobo*. It has a sonorous sound, much more to the point than our “thief,” which is more like a whistle. The Japanese gentlemen of the Fagin tribe are very clever indeed: I brought with me two fine canaries, sweet warblers, that soothed my breast during moments of melancholy. I had them hung in cages on my verandah in Kobe. While I was sitting reading in the front room, a specialist took them out of the cages, put them in his *kimono* over his noble breast, and vanished. I put the case in the hands of the police, but their present owner was never traced.

After two months’ stay in Arima we decided to move on. Our departure was somewhat hurried on by the arrival of a party of



juvenile amateur minstrels from Kobe, who made night hideous by caterwauling around the mountains, yelling loudly enough to awake Lazarus, and playing on instruments of torture called "banjos." We therefore "folded our tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away" to new pastures and happy hunting-grounds.

*Kekko! O itoma itashimashō!*



## Kioto

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To describe Kioto, to paint the lily, which is the more difficult task? *Ad majorem deum gloriam* I will attempt to lisp a few words in praise of this masterpiece of creation. Miyako, Kioto, Saikio, but always for me Kioto, the city of history, of fine arts, of poetry, of palaces, temples, and beautiful women. Like a Phoenix arising from its ashes, she stands to-day, after endless combats, wars, bloodshed, and tyranny, between Hiei-zan and Biwa, as far as ever unparalleled. I was there when the cherry-blossoms covered the world with pinky loveliness, when the Miyako Odori stole our senses and carried us away, far, far away, to Lotusland. Nightly I dreamt and beheld Rinkakuji, the golden temple, with its gardens of Eden. During my few lucid intervals I ate and drank and tried to behave; the rest was mere ecstasy. This is the city where the Mikado was kept a prisoner, in golden captivity. Surrounded by his Court and his harem, he was never seen by any other mortal eye. There he lived, died, or abdicated. This is a place, immortal for all times, where he received the homage of the Shogun, the real ruler of Japan, who, on bended knees swore to him his loyalty. Divine, mysterious, holy was this Mikado in the eyes of his people; descended from the gods, a god himself: Jupiter. But, alas, how powerless was he in his gilded cage; such heroes as Yoritomo, Hideyoshi, Ieyasu, and Nobunoga were the real rulers and made the history of Japan what it is. The untold agony went on until Perry broke the fetters and Satsuma and Choshu led him to Tokio.

In spite of my letters of introduction and the endeavours of men of influence, I was unable to visit the Imperial palaces. Strict order had been received from Tokio to keep the gates shut during

the war. It was a bitter disappointment to me, as the beauties of the Gosho and Nijo no Rikyu are said to surpass all others. But I shall come again and then, I have reason to think, with success. Through all the temples I went, carefully, and with deep respect. It seemed to me that those of Shinto were the more imposing, though Buddhism displays ground-works of art and antiquity. Kobo Daishi, monk, artist, miracle-worker, poet, and painter, who gained his knowledge in China, and who returned hence, camel-laden with wisdom, is the favourite of all the Buddhist saints. He did not die, but is still watching like Barbarossa, the ultimate fate of his country. Every temple, every castle, every nook and corner, the streets, the hills, the parks, the teahouses, the theatres (with revolving stages), the happy people themselves, all are surrounded by a paradise of their own. Details would be misleading and weak; one must come and see! Famous and fabulous paintings, embroideries, *kakemono*, sliding and folding screens, relics, sacred *mementi mori*, were shown to me. Their value could not be estimated in gold, and all the treasures of the world would be insufficient to purchase one of them. The higher class of priests in these temples are educated men, of noble family, courteous, *debonair*, men of the world—gentlemen. There were reception-rooms with chairs and tables, carpets and tea, for the honoured visitors. The abbots handled the topics of religion, politics, science, art, poetry, philosophy, literature, with the lofty elegance, tact, and understanding of men of learning; ceremonial apart, they were boon companions. My respects to them. The inhabitants of Kyoto are considered the most conservative of all Japanese, but, oh, for their open hospitality, their generous attentions, their genial humour, their sincerity and goodwill. Where are their equals?

*Arashi-yama!* There I heard the music of the spheres! Thou beauteous vision of the goodly heaven! Thou foretaste of the hereafter! There I saw a snowstorm—of cherry-blossoms; mountains, rapids, river, and tiny shrines nestling under the maples; all, all are lingering, a sweet memory, here, in my heart of hearts. When that heart fails; when everything becomes dark to this poor mortal clay, may the visions of that fairyland remain to the last!

I will not go into prosaic details in describing the temples San-jû-san-gen-dô (with 1,000 gilded images of the goddess Kwonura,

thousand-eyed and thousand-handed); Nishi-Hongwanji, Nishi-Otani, Chion-In, Gion, and many others, nor the tomb of the great Taiko, the Imperial tombs, the Yasaka Pagoda, Daibutsu, the great Bell of Hoko-ji. These must be seen and minutely examined. Great also is the Kioto museum, with splendid collections of ancient documents and art treasures belonging to the Imperial family. The zoological gardens are also well worth visiting, and then there are, dear ladies, the shops, with miles of silks, plain, dyed, embroidered, watered, brocaded, and what not. Keep away from these emporiums, oh, father or responsible owner of party, lest thy purse should become flabby and empty in thy pocket. There are the showrooms of S. Ikeda & Co., the world-famous collectors (and sellers) of antiquities, cloisonné and bronzes, Satsuma porcelain and golden lacquer. This firm is said to exhibit just now the finest and costliest collection of Japanese curios at St. Louis. To walk through the galleries, and to study the works of ancient art, which are exposed on view by this renowned firm, is in itself a liberal education. A strong desire to buy, to possess, comes over the victim, as he is led, smiling, to the block.

The "Biwa Canal" is one of the great undertakings of the city of Kioto. It begins at Otsu, a city on Lake Biwa (where, by-the-by, the present Nicholas II just escaped being killed), enters a tunnel one and a-half miles long, where passenger boats take you through the darkness; emerging, it enters a fine mountain district, and then enters two more tunnels. At the end of the third tunnel there has been erected a large reservoir, which supplies Kioto with its electric power. From there the waters are at a lower level and pass right through the city, shooting the cargo-laden boats to Fushimi. It is an amusing sight to see these boats, placed on tracks, sliding along the portage, and at the end being dumped at full-speed into the river.

From the sublime we naturally come to the ridiculous. Let us turn to "Kioto at night." There never were merrier folk than these Kioto citizens. During the hot summer nights they keep things humming until the cool breezes of the morning set them asleep. The bed of the river Kamogawa is nearly dry at this time of the year and the good people make use of that fact by erecting small stages under and along the bridges. Here they recline on friend

Tatami and pass the time with *geisha*, *samisen*, *saké*, and iced Asaké beer. They call this "cooling off". By Jove! but one feels pretty warm in that company.

The Miyako Odori or "Cherry Dance" is held in the Kaburenno in Gion Machi; beginning on the 7th of April it keeps its course for four weeks, from 5 p.m. until midnight. The stage is occupied by thirty-six dancers, while the sides of the auditorium are adorned, on the right side with ten geishas, playing the *samisen*, on the left by ten *maiko* playing the Japanese drum, called *tsuzuki*. A new song relating to important events during the year is composed and sung by the entire corps. The dresses are magnificent and are changed several times during the performance. The stage, revolving and constantly changed, is a charming vision of cherry-clad landscape, illuminated by thousands of tiny electric lights. Those of the audience who purchase tickets to the reserved seats on the balcony, are first ushered into a private room, where they witness the tea ceremony, the famous classic *cha-no-yu*. From the religious stage under the Shogun Minamoto in the thirteenth century, it developed into the most luxurious of all ceremonies under Yoshimasa in his famous villa Ginkakuji at Kioto; himself and his favourites—two monks named Shuko and Shinno—devoting their lives to this craze. The great Taiko and Nobunoga brought it to the very highest pitch. Wine, women, rare dishes *à la Lucullus*, music and dances accompanied these revels. At last, in the sixteenth century, *cha-no-yu* was purified and simplified by Sen-no-Rikyu, who, though posing as a reformer, did in reality make such good use of his intricate knowledge of the values of the antique works of art, that he accumulated an enormous fortune, by means far from honest. He drew upon himself the wrath of Hideyoshi, and was put to death.

The most famous of all the geisha assembled entered the room, with slow and measured steps. Seating herself, she produced the powdered tea, from which she proceeded to brew the famous beverage. The burning charcoal on the brazier, the materials used for making the tea: basin, hot water pot, cup, tea-canister, are each handled in a slow and ceremonial manner in accordance with a law, carried out to the letter. Then each visitor received a cup containing a fluid resembling ditchwater and of a very peculiar taste;



KUMAMOTO CASTLE.



small dumplings were served as a relish. This was *cha-no-yu*. As for me, I much prefer a good old homebrew.

Another famous Kioto dance is the Bon Odori, danced in the latter half of August, to celebrate the *okuribi*, the return of the spirits. Buddhism teaches that the ancestral manes visited their earthly homes once a year, and that they remain there for three days. These days are called *Bon*. The mountains are illuminated, and the graves covered with flowers. The dance is picturesque and weird. I very much enjoyed seeing the *Nō* dances. These are classic and beautiful, the dresses superb. They much resemble the Greek drama. The chants are in old Japanese, most difficult to grasp; the audiences are of the highest classes of society.





## A Gotzō.

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I really do believe that if an enterprising Japanese would start one of our "Nigger Minstrel" performances, the idea would take. The sons (and daughters) of this land like broad humour. It should of course be in the native style. Niggered, that is blackened, foreign clothes; *samisen*, *koto*, and Japanese music, Japanese puns, innuendos, are *takūsan*. There is a fortune here awaiting an energetic man in that line!

I anticipated with mixed feelings of joy and anxiety the event of a *Gotzō* being given in my honour, by my numerous friends, previous to my departure, and right enough, it was to be. A feast! As things turned out, I came away with comparatively little damage. Let me describe it:

The formal invitation accepted, you are asked which of the many fine tea-houses is your favourite one. Having ascertained that fact, steps are taken to make the feast a grand success. At the appointed date and hour, one of the hosts will perhaps come to your dwelling and fetch you. When I arrived at the festive hall my friend F——asked me if I would not like a hot bath. Nothing loth, I agreed, and there and then was led to one of the many bathrooms, where I boiled away for about ten minutes. I was then asked if I had any mortal objection to donning a *kimono*, or rather *yukata*, to which I replied: "*Kashikomarimashita!*"

The first things I saw on entering were my old friends the *tatami*, of which there were over sixty, and seated on their broad bosoms were my genial hosts, flanked on both sides by numerous friends, who had come there to meet me. The seat of honour was reserved for me. Kneeling on a soft leather cushion, I gave greeting in the ceremonial style to all and everyone. Everything is quiet;

the hosts sit like sphinxes : mute, solemn. Then a flight of pretty little maids make their bows before you, you hold out your hand with palm upwards, and they place therein some slices of cold boiled crayfish, which you slowly raise to your honourable mouth and swallow. Then the stars descend from the firmament in the shape of smiling geisha, who present to you a small cup of cold *saké*, which you drink. And then you begin to feed. Small tables of fine lacquer, and trays made of the same material, are brought in, one for each guest. These tables are loaded with good things to eat : turtle soup (try it !), fish of all kinds, cooked and raw. (The live animal has a small bamboo thrust through its gills, to show the eater that it still breathes.) *Suimono* and *miso-shiru*, all kinds of vegetables, omelettes, *skyaki* (a very fine chicken stew), *unagi-meshi* (eels fried in *soya*, with layers of rice), and the mighty *daikon*, the national dish of Japan : an evil-smelling radish, something like Limburger cheese. And then rice, boiled, in tiny cups of fine porcelain, comes the very last of all. The geisha are kept busy all the while filling the cups with *saké*, and they honour you by occasionally drinking from your cup. It is etiquette to drink to your hosts, which you do in this way : In front of you is placed a basin, containing warm water. In this you rinse your cup ; signify to your host that you wish to drink with him, and throw your cup at him. He catches the cup with great agility ; the geisha fills, he drinks to you, raises the cup and sends it spinning back to you. I can catch a cup *now*, but once I got a black eye. Sometimes the cup is given to a geisha, who conveys it to the party with whom you wish to drink ; but the "catching" is the more intimate and friendly. And now the uproar starts. *Kimonos* are opened or discarded altogether, fans wobbled gently by the beautiful hands (the beautifullest in the world) of the geisha, as we recline on the *tatami* ; a sweet sense of languor has taken possession of us. The room is large ; there is sufficient room for anything, so we start to play. First of all come, of course, forfeits. "*Tomose*," "follow me" is my favourite. If you are caught in a play of fingers, resembling the Italian *mora*, and which is here called *ken*, you will have to follow your conqueror, who struts about like a peacock, and do what he tells you to do. Another game is *Kitsune Ken*,

the "fox, gun, and men forfeit;" another is *Kampira-funt-funt*, a kind of musical chairs, played on the *tatami*. And then there is the difficult trick of snatching a wine cup through a loophole made by the *obi* of two geisha. The *obi* or scarf is held at each end by a little maid, the loop is in the centre. Of course, as soon as your hand is through, they will pull the sash, with the result that you will be caught on your wrist; it is even more difficult to replace the cup. Then we have dances by the *maiko*, some grave, some the reverse; we hear songs and play many tricks. And then comes some iced beer, some fruit, some preserves, tea, saké, more plays, classic dances by the male guests, recitations, nonsense, oaths of friendship, embraces and—nirvana.

As you know, a billiard-marker counts on a wire the little wooden markers of your score. Eventually, when the game is finished, these wooden balls will all be on the other side of the wire. Exactly in the same way do they count, in the comptoir of the tea-house, how many bottles of *saké* have been consumed during the evening. Alas! we must have played a good many games of billiards that night. Hirano, in thy mineral and iced depths will I revel for the next week! In thee will I regain my centre of gravity! Let me warn all innocent young people against the snares of the Japanese geisha. They are here called *kitsune*, which means foxes. Their charms are many, their wiles are legion. Take by example the case of poor young M——, the nephew of the New York millionaire banker. He came, he saw, and she conquered. He bought the fairest of all the Kioto geisha for Yen 30,000, married her, and took her away with him. But how can one compete with a youth whose yearly income is 60,000 gold dollars? I spoke with her friends and they all said that they missed her sadly. May her shadow increase!

During my first visit I stopped at the Yaami Hotel, a very fair *chowchow* house, situated on the slope of Higashi-yama, in Maruyama Park. It is a large wooden building, four stories high and almost new. The dining-room is fine; the cuisine good, the attendance fair. The arrangements for bathing leave much to be desired. The people are most friendly and polite to guests, the manager is a gentleman. The views from the different verandahs

are beautiful. An open landau with two horses takes you to or from the railway station. The bedrooms are airy, comfortable, and well furnished.

On my second visit to Kioto I stopped at the Nakamura-ro, situated close to the Chion-In Temple. It is a hotel in the Japanese style, but several rooms are furnished in the foreign fashion, and on the lower floor there is a dining room. You can have either Japanese or foreign attendance. I selected the former. A lovely pavilion in a Japanese garden fell to my lot; there I reigned supreme; my untold wishes were guessed, my inclinations were studied and my transgressions were overlooked. There I shall go on my third visit to Kioto. The landlady points with pride to an autograph, framed and glazed, which states: "Prinz Heinrich von Preussen." I can imagine the fine times his Highness had at the "Nakamura." But, after all, I would not advise anyone travelling with ladies to put up there; these would be more comfortable in the place under foreign management.



## A Midsummer-night's Dream.

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SCENE: Maiko, on the Inland Sea of Japan. A tea-house with verandah overhanging the sea. A lovely moonlight night, and the lighthouse on the Island of Awaji shinning brightly. A merry party on the *tatami* and on the verandah—foreigners and Japanese. The rooms lighted by shaded lamps, and dinner served. Geisha playing *samisen* and *kotto*.

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania.”

The tide has just turned and lo! hundreds of boats hoist their white sails and float away into moonland. Silently they disappear, like phantom Vikings, and the night knows them no more.

“To sing us a song, O Mamezuru San, please, condescend,” softly pleads a young Englishman.

“*Go chumon-dori*” (just as you like) answers she of the *samisen*. And with laughing eyes and pouting mouth she sings:

“Maiko wa yoi toko,  
Asahi wo ukete,  
O—Yama arashiga  
Soyo—Soyoto!

“Maiko is a lovely spot, facing the morning sun. The winds blow softly from these holy mountains.”

“*Arigatō*,” murmurs the Irishman.

“*Doso*,” says my friend Matsujiro, “thou, with the sad eyes, O Koto San, tell us the story of the wife of the high-priest of Hinomisake.”

"Allow your humble handmaid to lay the sad tale of the wicked Daimiō at your august feet," answers Koto, kneeling in low obeisance.

Thus she chants :

"May it please you, *sho-kun*, it is recorded in the annals of Japan, that a long, long time ago there lived a Daimiō of the Matsudeira, in the province of Izumo, who was known for his wicked and cruel heart. Visiting the holy Shinto shrines of Hinomisake, he saw the young and lovely wife of the high priest, who was serving him with wine and fruit, according to the ceremonial customs of that period. At once he loved the beautiful lady, and his heart was consumed with desire to possess her. Haughtily he commanded her to leave her husband and children and enter his harem. With tears of anguish the virtuous lady implored his Highness to subdue his ignoble passion, and to leave her in peace, with the husband she loved. With rage and hatred in his heart the Daimiō departed. Shortly afterwards a false charge was made against the high priest; he was tried, condemned, and banished to a distant island, where he died, brokenhearted, and suffering tortures for the fate of his beloved wife and innocent children, and then the Daimiō sent for the father of the woman he loved, who was holding a high position at his Court. "Thou knowest," said he to the brave old Samurai, "that the cause of my troubles has ceased to exist. Bring, therefore, thy daughter hither, that I may enjoy her." Kamiya reverently prostrated himself before his master and departed. The next day he returned.

"Thy sacred commands, my lord, have been obeyed. Behold my daughter, thy slave !"

On his knees he presented to the Daimiō a beautiful lacquered box, which on being opened, was found to contain the bloodstained head of the beautiful woman he adored. Like a true daughter of a noble Samurai, she had suffered death before dishonour.

Conscience-smitten, and with a heart filled with remorse, the wicked Daimiō built temples for the repose of the souls of his victims, but, alas ! the grim Emma-O, the king of the dead, the judge of sinners, gave him no rest during his life, and fearful mus

have been his punishment, when his soul appeared before the dread judgment seat.\*

So ended Koto San. Brushing away a tear she made her bow and retired; and behold! the eyes of all the geisha were wet in memory of the beautiful and brave woman, who died the death and entered Nirvana.

Over the waters of the Inland Sea comes a gentle ripple; a soft breeze, like the breath of a zephyr, brings a message from afar, that the souls of the dead are journeying to their ancient temples of Shintō worship. The honourable Lord Moon—*o tsuki sama*—is slowly sailing over the grove of pines, which whisper in soft murmurs of things ancient and long forgotten. Lying on the verandah, under the myriads of shining stars, fanned by the soft breezes, the scents of the night envelope me with their charms. My sweet companion is with me, and gently stirs the strings of her lute.

And then I dream a dream:

And I dreamt that Oberon and the gentle Titania, with all their gay company, with Puck, the mischief-maker, with Hermia and Helena, and the amorous ass whispering sweet nothings, were playing in yonder grove. But they were all Japanese, and their dresses were those of Nippon, the old style. Two-sworded Samurai, and court-ladies, even Bottom wore the mediæval trappings of a classic jackass. Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed played at Kiki-ko, "incense-sniffing," and the luminous fire-flies gambolled merrily around all the fairies. And I dreamed that I saw the souls of the mighty men of Japan: Saburo, Benkai, Hochiman, Taro, Hideyoshi, Ieyasu, Mito, Nabunagao, the great Saigo, and thousands of others slowly emerge from the waters and shout reverberating *banzais*, in honour of the heroes now in mortal combat with the Russian enemy.

And I dreamt that I saw a lofty mountain, snow-clad, Fujiyama, the beautiful. And on its summit I saw a column, a marble monument, deeply engraven with the records of a noble nation; its history, its deeds, its valour, its art, its poetry, and its splendid humility after victory. And around the summit stood the heroes returned from

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\* See Lafcadio Hearn's most fascinating work "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan."



ASOSAN KIUSHIU—ACTIVE VOLCANO.





the war; hand-in-hand, and crowned with peonies—*botan*, the queen of flowers. And I saw the whole mountain filled with beautiful women and lovely children, shouting *banzai*, and covered with garlands of Japan's choicest flowers. And with his Imperial arms around the monument of his people, stood the Mikado, the descendant of gods, the Tennō, giving thanks to heaven and doing homage to his ancestors. . . . .

"*Ohayo gozaimasu*," warbles Koto San.

There is a faint streak of light over Awaji Island, the stars are fading; softly murmur the waves. The honourable tea is served and—away from fairyland.



## Nara—The Shrines of Ise

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Intent on seeing Nara the famous, I took ticket from Kobe to Osaka. From the Umeda station you will have to traverse the city by 'ricsha, until you reach the Minato-cho station, which will take you a good half-hour. Thence ticket to Nara. The country around here is a long valley, cultivated to the inch with rice and cereals of all kinds, fertile to abundance, and supplying the mighty city of Osaka with food for its 800,000 inhabitants. At Tennôji, Japan has erected a mile of houses for her wounded soldiers. There is nothing in all the country to strike the eye of the tourist more than these barracks. Hundreds of new wooden houses, in streets, in villages, in clusters, in terraces; clean as dairies, complete with comforts to the last pair of scissors, perfect in all modern inventions for the curing of bruised men. I saw thousands of wounded soldiers there taken care of after their return from battle. All are dressed alike in long white gowns with the red cross on the sleeve. They sleep on the clean *tatami*, covered with soft blankets; the cooking of their food, the sanitary precautions, their amusements even, all are tenderly thought of by their grateful country. Those who succumb to their wounds are cremated and their ashes sent home to be venerated. Could anyone wish for a nobler end? And compare this state of splendid management with the Russian *modus operandi*. The poor wounded unloaded at hospitals where there is no room for them, where comforts are like the angels' visits, where medicines are not, where cold, bitterness, want, dirt, and corruption reign, where perforce they must die to make a Russian holiday, the generous contributions from a gentle-

hearted people for their comforts being swept into the pockets of some "noble" monster to satisfy his cravings for luxuries.

The train pushes its way for many miles through this fruit and grain-laden valley, but when we reach Kashiwabara station we again meet the beautiful mountains of Japan. Between this and Oji, but what can I say?

How could my feeble words convey to these pages the beauty, the charm of those mountains? Could I borrow the words of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dante, to record my impressions of what I saw and how I saw it? For him who sees the yellow primrose as Coleridge, as Byron, and as Tennyson saw it, for him there is a glorious joy in seeing the wonders of God! Let it remain untold, lest its beauties be marred by my imperfect records. It must be seen!

Nara is low-lying. Surrounded by mountains, it is itself a gem of the finest water. Not a flaw can I find in it. The hotel, Kikusui-ro, semi-foreign, is a lovely thing, created in Japanese and adorned with foreign style of fittings. The view from the verandahs is enchanting.

The cuisine is distinctly good, and the smiling *nessans, be-obied* and neat-handed, make the sweetest of attendants. This hotel is situated in the Kasuga no Miya park, where I dreamt away a day and enjoyed a century. Remember that wherever you walk in Nara you tread on sacred ground, hallowed by the immortal doings of untold generations of great men, classic from the infancy of time and as long as things endure. There is no proud nobleman's place in Europe, nor are there royal domains, to equal these parks. Cryptomerias, cherry-trees, maples, and giant camelias have braved the storms and earthquakes; wisteria is everywhere, gnarled, grotesque. Herds of deer are browsing on the juicy grass and ferns; they are as tame as children and will feed from your hand without fear and trembling. A beautiful hind closely followed by her lord and master came to me, graceful, sleek, panting from her gambols, and with her beautiful, sad, human-like eyes gazed at me as if searching for the innermost thoughts in the recesses of my soul, mutely asking why the stranger from far away came to her holy pastures.

The noble stag, pursued by fate;  
 Yet stands at bay to guard his mate.  
 The hind in woodland roaming free,  
 Yet pants her master's slave to be;  
 And trembles, lest in proud disdain.  
 He may from her and love refrain.

The Kasuga no Miya temple is a Shinto *Miya*, erected in the eighth century, and is dedicated to the manes of *Takemikazuchi* and *Fatsu-nushi*, heroes and demi-gods. The sacred dance *Kagura* is here performed by some of the temple vestals, two venerable priests forming the orchestra. Aside from its charming poses and graceful movements, the *Kagura* dance is worth seeing on account of its great antiquity. As it is danced now, so it was danced during the time of the Crusades.

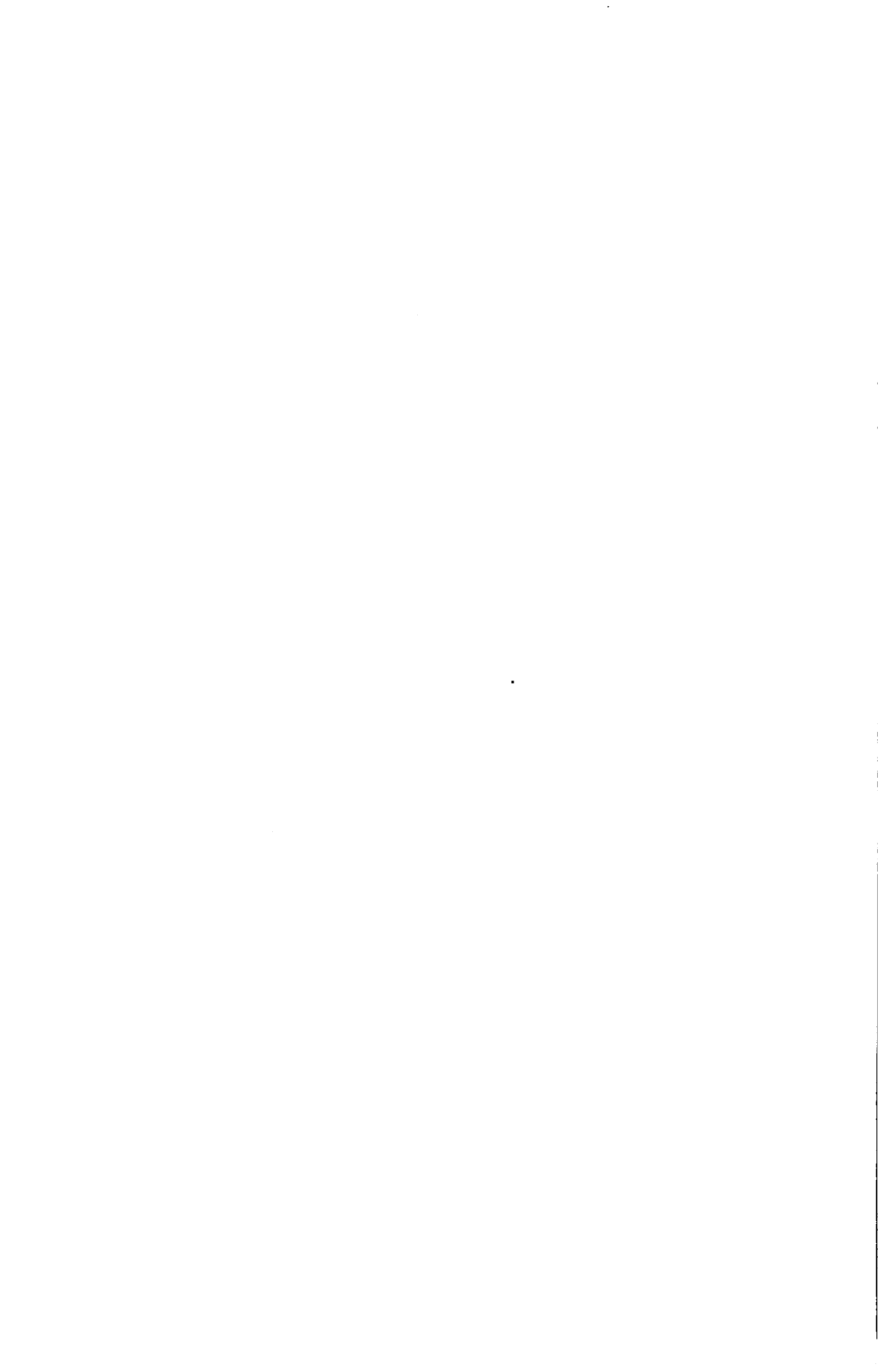
Had I the genius of Homer and Shakespeare, I would astonish the world with my Iliad of Nara, but even that could only be appreciated by culture and enthusiasm combined. It is the curse of Providence that some have eyes and cannot see, others lack the sense of admiration. To these Japan and her beauties will always remain an enigma.

On a broad, sweeping avenue, leading straight as an arrow to the temple gate, there are to be seen thousands of stone lanterns, heavy with age, the presents from believers in Shinto. Moss is growing thickly on these antique candelabra, fungus and lovely mountain ferns embrace their pedestals. On festive occasions these lamps are all lit, and the sight is of the Arabian nights. The faithful pilgrim—perhaps from the farthest confines of the Empire—is led by these myriads of lights to the object of his worship, there reverently to kneel before the souls of his ancestors.

*Ko! Ko! Ko!* cry the pretty little shepherdesses in red petticoats and bare arms, and the herd of deer comes at great speed to feed from their hands. There is here, lying on the lichen-covered bosom of mother earth, the trunk of an ancient tree, from whose vitals there grow a luxuriant mixture of cherry, plum, wisteria, camelia, and ivy, all mixed in tender embrace, and in silent moments, when no one is near, shyly, coy, and with tender blushes, the little maid will tie strips of paper around these entwined branches, with prayers to the goddess of all love written thereon, soliciting her kind efforts



VIEWS OF ASOSAN.



to feed the flame of her lover's heart. And her prayers are always heard !

In the midst of these temples stands the mountain Mikasayama, which means, "Three-hats." It has three eminences ; from the third and highest there is a grand panoramic view of the province of Yamoto, famous in war and history. Thousands of pilgrims with their tinkling bells ; students, men, women, and children, ascend this mountain. Its surface is grass-grown, velvety, green, smooth as a tennis lawn, and resembles somewhat the hills off Shanghai, magnified about six times. One may see the people of Japan climbing this mountain in the very fulness of exuberant vitality ; it is a play, a great pleasure combined with religious fervour. The going down is the best fun of all ; you run, you slide, you roll, as you please, and there are no boulders, nor any other impediments in your way. As a rule people come down at full-speed.

There are in the park two buildings in foreign style architecture : one being the prefectural offices and the other the *haku-batsu* (museum). Here are exposed to view rare old manuscripts of ancient Mikados and Shoguns, Buddhist carvings, bronze and wood statues from the eighth century, armour made of lacquer, and a thousand other interesting relics of the old times. To my prejudiced mind these buildings were out of place in this ancient grove, and the miserable little shanties, with their benches covered with nasty red blankets, selling tea, sweets, and beer, are an eyesore, a blemish, a *mésalliance* between the grand, majestic *ancien regime* and the brummagem of the present times. They should all be removed, cast away, razed to the ground, and in their places should be erected picturesque little kiosks, with refreshments for the wayfarer.

The *Daibutsu* is an enormous image of Buddha, fifty-three feet high, with a face sixteen feet long. It is most ugly, coarse, and repulsive, the features those of a negro. The image itself dates from the seventh century, but the head, which fell off and was burned and destroyed and renewed, is only about three hundred years old. The temple Tôdaiji, of which this image is a part, is well worth visiting, and the guardians of the gate, the *Ni-o*, are perfect monsters to look at. The great bell is fourteen feet high and is over a thousand years old. It is now as nothing compared with the great bell of Osaka



Kōbukuji, with its fine pagodas and carved wooden statues, owes its charm to the legend of *Sarusawa no Ike*, a pond, wherein a beautiful handmaiden drowned herself when she found that the love of her imperial sweetheart was on the wane. In the dark night, sorrow-laden, in despair, she threw herself into the water and perished. When I returned to the inn, I lay long dreaming of things I had seen, and the faces of dear ones at home came before me in sadness and longing. I thought of wrecked lives, of boys and girls, badly brought up, worldly-wise in their tender years, artificial, depraved, civilized out of all natural inclinations. How well would it be if parents would send their children to this land for a year or so, that they might see and learn from these kind and artistic people, the lessons which would make them charming, honest, and admirable. To study and to adopt the filial love and duty to parents and elders; to learn how to dwell in thrift; to see gentle nature adopting all its endearments in their daily lives, in their arts, their graces, their charms, their admiration of all things beautiful, be it flowers, animals, relics, or landscapes. To learn from them how to worship and revere the memory of their ancestors, whose hallowed shadows threw upon their lives the deeds and the benefits which they had pursued for their childrens' sake who now lived in the fulfilment of their deeds. Gratitude, love, veneration of parents! To live honourable, clean lives, and to die fearlessly! Mark these words, ye parents and guardians, who now suffer from the serpent's teeth, and send your ungrateful ones here to learn filial duty.

Those who desire to visit the famous shrines of Ise, from Nara, should take train to Yamada, and change cars at Kameyama junction. There is a semi-foreign hotel at Yamada, called the "Gonikwai," and also the Yamada Hotel, where tolerable accommodation can be had. The Geku and Naikū Temples rate high among the Shinto shrines of Japan. They are considered most ancient, but as they are entirely demolished every twenty years and new ones built in their places, exactly similar to the original edifices of a thousand years ago, they are really the most modern of all, and their antiquity is merely an idea. Also let me point out that even the native pilgrims—and much less foreign—are not allowed to see anything

whatever behind the curtain, which is screening the holies of the shrines. You see absolutely nothing ; everything is held sacred from the gaze of the erroneous. Did not Marquis Mori, well-known in diplomatic circles abroad, meet his death here for merely playfully raising the sacred curtain with his walking-stick ? And does not the pilgrim to-day worship at the grave of the fanatical assassin, and offer incense to his manes and write poems to his memory ? Such are the shrines of Ise, visited by thousands of pilgrims, who also make the trip to Futami on the sea where the two sacred rocks, the Myōtoseki (husband and wife), are connected with a straw rope, symbolising conjugal union.

The scenery from Nara to Kameyama is grand ; lofty mountains, gorges, rapid rivers, valleys with terraced fields of rice, all keep the traveller in contemplation of the beautiful. Thence to Nagoya in about six hours.



## Nagoya, Yokohama and Tokio

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Nagoya is a city of electricity. There is not a shop, teahouse, inn, or street which does not show its tiny sparks of illumination. The broad avenues are monopolised by tramways on the trolley system, and an awful nuisance they are. Those who have seen the tramway system of Kioto, Nagoya, and Tokio, will join me in saying: None such for me. Let Shanghai keep its comfortable ricscha, or its luxurious carriage; yes, even its motor-car, but save it from these nasty, noisy, circumomnibus trolley-cars. You will have to go three times around the globe to get to a place situated ten minutes from where you started. They rattle, rustle, shake, like volcanoes in eruption, and they maim or annihilate a hundred persons (more or less) a year, on their deadly perambulations. Hi, ricscha! you, and no other for me.

The castle of Nagoya is its one beauty, and it is worth a thousand miles of travel to see this grand edifice of feudal times. How strong! how mighty! how beautiful in its massive structure, its great, grass-grown moats, its avenues of giant trees, its stately halls, and massive beams. And the two golden dolphins upside-down, on the top of the castle, guarded by wire screens, so as to prevent a repetition of the attempt made in olden times by a villain who mounted an enormous kite and tried to ascend to that lofty eminence for the purpose of clipping the golden dolphins. (The man was caught and was boiled alive.) One of these animals, sent to the Paris Exhibition, went to the bottom of the sea through the wrecking of the M. M. steamer *Niz*, but was recovered after a lot of trouble. The value of the two is estimated at about Yen 300,000. They are so high up in the heavens that their beauty is lost to the passer-by, but I suppose that lowering them from their elevated



VIEWS OF ASOSAN,



positions would put new temptations into the hearts of some Nagoya citizen, so the Government wisely keeps them where they are—well screened. Curiously enough these dolphins are placed upside-down ; thence the *geisha* dance of Nagoya, where the ladies create a final tableau by standing on their pretty heads.

The myth of the "Gold Water," a well in the castle wherein gold was thrown in ancient times to make the water more precious, has been exploded. To be sure there is no gold there now ; only stale water. There are also rumours about that the two dolphins on the roof are not the genuine ones, but that these have been removed to Tokio, perhaps for more useful purposes. The interior of the Nagoya castle is in a ruinous state ; as regards the decorations, etc., the massive timbers and the enormous stones in the *donjon* keep are as strong as ever, and will last to the end of all time, or until the craze for all things modern causes their destruction. The Owari Daimio, allied to the Tokugawa Shoguns, was one of the mightiest of the lords of Japan, and was a descendant of a son of Ieyasu, for whom the castle was originally built. The sight of this castle with its enormous moats, its massive walls, its surrounding of parks, fine lawns, avenues of cherry trees, and the many smaller buildings everywhere, is one of the most imposing I have ever seen. It gives one a glimpse in a flash of admiration of the great ideas and undertakings of feudal Japan.

As regards temples, the Buddhist Higashi Hongwanji is, as all the temples belonging to this sect are, a wonderful and charming creation. Comparatively modern, it blazes with gold and floral arabesques, and gentle Amida has here a right worshipful shrine of adoration.

Coming from the sublime to the ridiculous, Nagoya is far famed for the beauty, charms, and fine dancing of its *geisha* and *maiko*. My friends invited me to a performance given in honour of a certain holiday, and we there saw, figuratively speaking, the golden dolphins performing their antics upside-down, with infinite grace, which, as innocents abroad, we gazed at and much admired.

Nagoya is also noted for its excellent porcelain and cloisonné, the manufacturers of which besiege the unfortunate traveller at the hotel doors and who will not rest "till they get it." Finally the

Nagoya Hotel is a fine building in strictly foreign style. The food is most good, the management excellent. The proprietor, who is by trade a carpenter, designed himself the interior of his house in a most charming and artistic way; the dining-room, in plain maple and *hinoki*, is a dream of beauty. There are reading-rooms, smoke rooms, card-rooms, and more things of comfort than one would ever expect to find in this out-of-the-way place. My respects to it.

I left Nagoya at midnight by the express train for Yokohama, where I arrived safely, but in a very dilapidated state, at 9 a.m. It has been my good fortune never to travel on such a badly-managed railroad before, and I must confess that I had expected something better from the masters of the Russia-cum-Manchuria, situation, who, as a rule, manage their affairs down to the smallest details with great care. The one and only sleeping-car was crowded; no room there; the swell first-class carriage ditto. As this train had run straight up from Shimonoseki, I was not surprised to see the litter on the floor, the opened handbags, fruit baskets, rugs, boots, and shoes, anywhere in the passage, making it absolutely impossible to walk. And there was a sleeping community reclining in all kinds of grotesque contortions on the seats; some—Japanese ladies and gentlemen—had managed to stretch out at full length, and these refused to budge an inch. There was also an apparition labelled "Boy," whose principal duties seemed to consist of climbing over your favourite corns, banging doors and pocketing douceurs. The windows were kept hermetically closed, the mouths of the sleepers were all open, and the atmosphere was lovely. "They manage these things better in France." In the early morning echoes of tooth-cleaning abound, some individuals go through the whole ceremony, while others are contented with giving themselves a kind of dry-brush. The Japanese ladies—but anything may be forgiven them—on awakening from their slumbers, get up, shake themselves and go through a lot of wonderful and mysterious evolutions, untie and retie their lovely *obis*, put on clean socks, comb their hair, arrange their darling red petticoats, and are altogether too fascinating to be looked at by the eyes of a mere amateur; they are graceful in all they do, a little artificial perhaps, but charming.

The "Express" train is depressingly slow.

As there are no third-class carriages on these express trains, there should be more sleepers and more first-class cars. The dining-car is hitched on at a station close to Yokohama, the Japanese mostly satisfying the cravings of hunger with rice and *daikon* (something like Limburger cheese, only stronger).

The city of Yokohama lies on the borders of the Yangkingpang, and was built by Rufus the Red. During the crusades it flourished on the manufacture of glazed umbrella covers, but was finally destroyed by Admiral Perry in 1858. Now it merely exists. And it is the finest place in all the world to get away from, for a more dreary, monotonous, shabby-genteel, downhearted place there is not on this side of the river Jordan. It is neither Japanese, nor British, Irish, nor Chinese, but a hybrid mongrel mixture of everything. The Bluffers live on the Bluff, and the Flats live on the flat, and the globe-trotters live in the Grand Hotel, which "caters for first-class travel only." No wonder the poor devils rejoice on their way home.

It would fill my heart with joy and ease my conscience if the foregoing remarks would be taken in good nature by the denizens of foreign extraction who still linger in Yokohama. I dare say that the sudden change from all the beautiful places through which I had just passed, to the stern realities of modern life and surroundings, left on me a depression of spirits, neither real, nor actually open to conviction. And if I should unwittingly have hurt the tender feelings of anyone, I beg humbly to say: "*Gomen na sai.*"

There are charming excursions from Yokohama. There is the golden-eyed Daibutsu of Kamakura, a perfect work of art, representing Amida sitting in calm repose. Passionless, gently contemplating, majestic, he sits there, weathering the storms and tidal waves since A.D. 1252. And he is fifty feet high!

Enoshima, the sacred island, which can be reached on dry land at low tide. The Crown Prince's villa at Chojasaki, and the sea-bathing at Dzushi. Will Adams' grave at Yokosuka, and Kanazawa, and many other places of beauty and interest. Let me recommend to the travelling public Wright's Hotel, situated close to the sea and the principal public offices. Although it does not "cater for first-class travel only," it is all that can be desired.



Clean, neat, comfortable, and the food excellent. The lady of the house assists her husband in the management and attends personally to rooms and kitchen. The prices are most moderate, and you will feel much more at home there than in the huge, ugly caravanserais where *yen* are the principal things looked after, and where they advertise coming events (which throw their shadows before, especially if they are announced precipitately). This is not intended as an advertisement of Wright's Hotel but is merely an acknowledgment of kindness received and comfort enjoyed.

Tokio, the youngest of capitals! The city of long distances and rapid development. The seat of His Imperial Majesty the Mikado, Mutsu Hito, the one hundred and twenty-first in direct line from his heavenly ancestors. Born in Kioto in 1852 he ascended the throne on the death of his father in 1867, and in the sixteenth year of his age; he entered upon his absolute Kingship the year after, on the resignation of the Shogun, who was until then the real ruler of Japan. After establishing his court at the new capital, which he named Tokio, and where he chose *Meiji* (enlightenment) as the name of his reign, he returned to Kioto and there married Haruko, a daughter of the highest *Kuge* of his old trusted nobles by name Ichijo Takada.

The Mikado is tall, with the grand and solemn bearing of the Oriental; his face is that of the aristocrat, and he looks the man (or more than man according to the belief of his subjects) of destiny. In public he appears the grand monarch, but in private life he can be unbending and familiar to his intimates. It is said that he is at heart a Kioto man, that he dislikes his new capital, that his yearnings and longings go to his beloved Kioto, that even his household is supplied with the daily food from that place. He lives and suffers for his people, whom he loves dearly, and for whose welfare he thinks himself responsible. Needless to say that this love and reverence are returned a thousandfold by the people of Nippon, who willingly meet death in war and danger, for his sake. One of his trusted men told me that it was the Mikado's greatest pleasure, on nights when the people gave him a "*Banzai*" after some victory over the Russians, to take a paper lantern in the Imperial hand, and to bow his thanks to the people assembled before his castle-walls.

The Empress is truly loved by great and small, and a nobler, sweeter lady there is not. Gentle in her ways, delicate, charming, she leads her ladies in grace, refinement, and beauty. She is a second Alexandra. Just now, with her gentle heart bleeding with sorrow for the brave and gallant youth slain in battle, she has taken in hand the working of the "Red Cross." Steadfast, she labours to comfort soldiers, bring help to the wounded, and glory to the fallen heroes. This is the soul of Japan: proud of its victories, yet teaching humility of spirit; as lady bountiful to the widows and orphans. And when her gentle soul is full to breaking with compassionate sorrow, she writes in tender verse of hope and glory for *Dai Nippon*, for *nirvana* in Buddha. Of sons she has none, but may it please Providence to bestow upon her the same blessing as it has just now upon her enemy the Czarina of Russia.

The Crown Prince is the son of one of the inferior wives, a lady of the highest nobility. He was married in 1900 and his son, Michi, was born a year later, so that the Mikado is now a grandfather. May his Imperial line reign for ever, and over largely increased dominions!

When I came to Tokio the chrysanthemums were in full bloom, and the gentle sun of Japan was reflected on their shining petals. Everywhere they bloomed; giants with hundreds of flowers on one plant; dwarfs with one single blossom; red, white, yellow, golden, all colours in the rainbow and twisted into every imaginable shape. They filled the houses, the verandahs, the shops, the streets, but in the gardens they were surpassingly beautiful. One thing I saw which has never been presented to mortal eye until this, the year of war. I will try to describe it. On the outskirts of the city and close to Ueno Park, called Dango-Zaka, there is a large piece of ground, on which wooden houses have been erected. In these houses there are shown, for a small fee, revolving scenes of the war. You see here the hero Hirose on his ship and in the boat; Oyama, Kuroki, Togo, Kuropatkin, Makaroff, Rosen, and many others. Japanese hand-to-hand fights, cannonades, bayonet charges, forts with big guns, war-scenes, women ill-treated by Russian soldiers, torpedo-boats, cavalry charges, all slowly revolve in stately measure. The faces and hands are made of wax and strikingly resemble those

they represent ; the guns are real, boots and straw-shoes also, but the bodies, the hulls of the ships, the entire scenery, what do these consist of? Of chrysanthemums, in full bloom! And the entire plants twisted into the shapes of men, women, and horses! Cunningly concealed in the boots of the men and under the clothing of the women, are the roots; these are kept fresh by plentiful watering and are thus exposed, blooming and full of beauty, during one entire month. It is a real surprise, and a masterpiece of art. The forts, ramparts, bastions, with soldiers climbing, falling, wounded, dying, or killing, are all plants of the chrysanthemum and young fir trees, cunningly intertwined and realistic as life. What is there that these ingenious and artistic people cannot put into shape?

When the last of the Shoguns, Keiki, of the famous Tokugawa family, fled from his ancestral castle of Tokio, it was totally destroyed, and on its ashes the present Mikado has built his residence. It took six long years to complete this Imperial city. It is an island within an island. Not a palace, but a city of palaces. Side by side stand Japanese and foreign architecture; mixed in the old Shinto simplicity with gorgeous importations from Berlin. Electricity, artificial heating, rubs shoulders with the ancient *andon* and *hibashi*. The Mikado's private apartments are said to be in strictly Japanese style. He sleeps, as did his forefathers, on the sacred *tatami*, and his repose is guarded by trusted retainers on all sides. He worships at a small Shinto shrine, before the *ihai* of his ancestors, where his highest officers swear to him the oath of fidelity. For official banquets and balls there are here splendid apartments, shining with gold and enamel; for his own private pleasure he has the tiny *cha no yu* and *no* dance cabinets, where he reclines at his ease, resting from the cares of State. The ladies of the palace are dreams of beauty, gliding about in their Kioto purple *hakama* and lovely *obis*; the charms which they inherited from their mothers are in their gentle faces; they appear and vanish, unheard; undulating like maples, leaving behind them the memory of beautiful visions. The Empress, charming in all that she does has, for reasons of State, to assume foreign costume; I suppose she made the sacrifice with a sigh for the happy days of her childhood. The

Empress-Dowager remained true to her national costumes, enforced the same rigidly upon her Court, never entered on any foreign intercourse and died a Japanese woman, true to the traditions of the noble Fujiwara. The Imperial domains retain their peculiarities of the feudal times ; they are surrounded by deep moats, filled with clear, running water ; the huge ramparts are moss-grown with the age of centuries. Splendid lawns with avenues of stately trees stretch for a mile their beauties of landscape and sylvan glades. And in the entire district of this city of palaces, will be found the appanage of the Emperor ; the Departments of State. Army and Navy, War, Interior, Household, Foreign Legations, and many others, are situated on these broad avenues, housed in magnificent buildings. Their Parliament meets here and its loyal acclamations send their echoes across the palace walls. The Russian Legation is empty at present, the Ambassador, Baron Rosen, a *persona grata* to all Japanese people, having been recalled.

The Ueno Park is one of Tokio's proudest possessions and is a fitting pleasure-ground for the inhabitants of a city covering one hundred square miles and with a population of two millions. It has magnificent avenues of cherry-trees and cryptomerias, lotus-ponds, grassy dells, fern-clusters, and broad drives. It contains a museum of arts and antiquities, a gallery of modern paintings by Japanese artists ; *kakemonos* and *makimonos* in silk and velvet ; the tombs of six Shoguns of the Tokugawa family ; the statue of the great Saigō ; a splendid zoological garden ; the famous Seiyōken Restaurant, where you can have a foreign dinner *à la Delmonico* ; golden temples, bronze images, and many other beautiful attractions, too numerous to describe. It is the breathing-place of a great metropolis, where thousands congregate to feast and to worship. It is filled with mementoes of times past and heroes immortal. It is the lung of Tokio. The Botanical Gardens contain a wealth of flowers and plants and specimens of these are offered for sale to the visitors. The Arsenal and Imperial Printing Offices are huge establishments and well worth seeing. The Shiba Park and the famous Shiba Temples, containing the ashes of six of the Tokugawa Shoguns, are situated in the vicinity of the Shimbashi railway station, and rank high among the marvels of Japanese works of art. During the

religious friction between Shintoism and Buddhism in 1874, the finest of all these temples was destroyed and the present building is quite modern.

The Asakusa temple, containing the most holy image of Kwannon, two inches in height (and never shown), is at once a temple and a money-show. I went there on a Sunday afternoon, and the place was crowded with thousands of pleasure-seekers, booths, tame animals, panoramas of the war, babies-in-arms, dolls, worshippers of Kwannon, and devotees of *saké*. It was like a world's fair.

The temple itself is a grand structure guarded by two enormous and hideous *Ni-O*, the guardians at the gate. It contains many things sacred to the Buddhist faith, and among the images is that of the gentle *Jizo*, the god of little children, who is worshipped with tearful eyes by those who have lost their dear ones.

Close to this temple is the Yoshiwara, where Tokio worships at the shrine of beauty. It is a quarter by itself, kept purposely isolated. In these streets you can walk for hours looking at palatial houses containing the painted women who cater to pleasure. Dressed in the old classic robes, with bare feet, seated in semi-circles behind iron bars, smoking their little pipes or sipping tea, sit these poor girls, doomed to three or four years' slavery; sold very often by their parents, or offering themselves as a last resource in misfortunes. Now often redeemed through the efforts of the Salvation Army, who have done much towards their liberation and comfort. They seem quiet and sad, and no noise or ribaldry issues from these silent prisons. They are a necessity to the great city and their presence there prevents the disgraceful scenes in our cities where night brings forth all its shameless horrors. Of two evils it seems the less.

And now I beg to cancel my remarks ~~re~~ tramways in Japan : as regards the Tokio article. In all the broad streets, on double tracks, run fine, large, comfortable cars, on the trolley system, and the fare from Shimbashi to Ueno is three *sen*. Nothing could be better managed and few things more comfortably. If Shanghai could get up a similar system, let them hasten and get it, as soon as possible.



SUIJENGI PARK, KUMAMOTO---MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT ON EARTH.



Tokio Society is charmingly led by several Japanese ladies, the daughters of old Daimiōs who wore the two swords and plaited their hair, but who now ride in their *coupé*, dance well, play poker and billiards, walk about in frock coats with a cigar between their lips, and generally enjoy themselves in a way their fathers never dreamt of. Several high officials are the proud lords and masters of European and American wives, who have adopted their husband's names and live happily the life of Nippon. Dances, garden parties, dinners, tennis, and private theatrical performances abound. Etiquette is very strict and foreign intercourse is practically confined to the legation people and a few professionals. They have here no Codfish-Aristocracy as they make them further south; things here are real, and *ci-devant* "baby-hawkers" are kept in their places. So mote it be

The principal street, running the entire length from one point of the compass to the other, is crowded with shops, which display foreign and Japanese goods, articles *de luxe*, and works of art, which would do honour to similar places in Paris, London, or New York. The new Japan purchases heavily all foreign articles of superior qualities; and rejects all others.

I am doubtful in my mind if Tokio will be the capital of the future. It strikes the close observer that things may be moved on further inland, to a continent, by choice, when the little trouble with Kuropatkin has been finally settled. The Japanese people have a desire to become continentals; their insular restrictions are getting irksome to them. Perhaps a nice place in Manchuria, with plenty of water, charming views, good soil, somewhere about Mukden, would suit them. They might call it *Meiji* to commemorate the reign during which it was formed.





## Nikko and Chinzenji.

THE HAKONE DISTRICT AND THE GEYSER OF ATAMI.

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"If you have not seen Nikko, you cannot say *Kekko*," says the Japanese.

"See Napoli and die," says the Italian.

Both are right in their estimation of the beautiful, but, oh! how widely apart are these two places in the characteristics of their special attractions. The loveliness of the bay of Naples, overshadowed by the sinister smoke of Vesuvius, the ever-awake, is marred by the evil smells and the dirt of the city, which equal those of Coleridge's *Köln*; whereas Nikko stands pure, sweet, and serene under the sun of Japan, a place of rest, calm, unsurpassed. The first thing which strikes the traveller (after a six hours' run from Tokio) is the cryptomeria. Everything in Nikko is surrounded by these noble trees, century-aged, ever-green, straight, lofty. The old Tokaido highway, on which in olden times the Daimios travelled in leisure with their splendid retinues, reclining in their *norimons*, silken-curtained, stopping at the numerous *honjin* or teahouses, built for their special use, guarded by their two-sworded *samurai*, on their half-yearly visits to the Shogun at Yedo, is an avenue of cryptomerias, which reaches Nikko in a straight line of twenty-seven miles. It reminds me of the mighty cedars of the Yosemite valley in California.

Nikko is a sacred spot in the eyes of the Japanese; from here myriads of legends, weird and beautiful, have been grafted into the hearts of the people. Across the foaming river Dalyagawa there were formerly two bridges: one, the ordinary one, used by all kinds of people; the other, sacred, red-lacquered, built by the gods, and

only used by the Mikado and his family. Alas! this fine bridge was destroyed by a tornado last year, and there is nothing now but a wreck overhanging the river. But the workmen are busy erecting a new bridge on the exact spot, of which a drawing is suspended on the hillside. They were putting enormous blocks of stone into position when I was there, and like a swarm of ants they were climbing among the huge beams which were floated down the river for the new supports.

In a park without comparison there are situated the mortuary temples and the tombs of the great Iyeyasu and his grandson Iyemitsu. After taking off your shoes you are allowed to inspect the three great gilded Buddhas, the famous hangings, and the *tatami*-covered rooms, blazing with silk, gilded images, lacquered boxes, golden lotus-flowers, and sacred symbols. In the outer courts you see the winking cat, the ever-flowing holy water in a marvellously cut tank, the lanterns, bronze *torii*, the dancing priestess, and many other interesting mementoes. I climbed up two hundred steps, moss-grown and shaded by fine trees and ferns of all kinds, and reached, panting, the tomb of the famous Shogun Iyeyasu.

There it stands! A gilt, bronze globe, plain, massive. A large bronze stork, with lotus-flowers, stands before it. This is a place to dream in, to let your mind wander back to the time when these poor bones, now sunken, like all things earthly, into nothingness, held the mighty warrior and statesman, the patron of arts, the real ruler of Japan (the protector of Adams, the Englishman):—Iyeyasu, the Shogun. He whose master mind still permeates the people; whose soul seemed to be hovering over all these temples and among the mighty trees which he planted.

When I arrived at Nikko I found the temples covered over with matting and large stages of bamboo; their gilded interiors were scraped clean, new beams were being put, the roofs were enclosed with corrugated iron-sheets, and all was in a state of upside down. On some of the buildings the process of gilding, carving, and painting had been nearly completed, and the effect was very magnificent. But what about the antiquity of these temples, thus renewed? Have they not often, during past times, been painted,

gilded, and new built, as they are being rebuilt now? Certainly it takes away some of the veneration for these places.

Nikko is famous for its confectionery, especially a kind of peppermint and maple syrup, which everybody purchases and likes. There are also a great many curios for sale, supposed to have come from the temples; and the pilgrims are never satisfied unless they can return to their distant homes laden with several drums, bells, fans, carvings, and all kinds of charms. I am now the happy possessor of a tiny shrine, carved in wood, containing two grains of rice, each grain carved into the figure of Buddha, which the priest, who sold it to me, said would lead me to future bliss and comfort, when contemplated with due reverence and devotion. There is a famous tannery here which absorbs thousands of raw skins from Russian Kamstchatka and Hokkaid. They are tanned at Nikko and sold in the shops in the village. The hotels are crowded after meal-hours with the sellers of skins, and the ladies are the special victims of these people. Nobody can resist the lovely things: wolves, foxes, otters, bears, seals, rabbits, skinned and tanned, made into saques, caps, muffs, slippers, gloves, coats, cuffs, all are here sold, bought, and delivered, and the victim globetrotters never murmur, but pay and try to look pleasant.

Nikko is simply a monument of the Tokugawa family, whose crest, the three-leaved *Asarum* (*Kamo-aoi*) is stamped on everything you come across. On the *torii* in the temples, across the beams, on the tombs, you find it. The last of that illustrious family was Keiko, who made room for the present Mikado, and now holds a high position in Tokio, after living a number of years in retirement at Shizuoka. His son is one of the leaders of fashion and progress in the capital. What strange thoughts must crowd upon these men, when they visit the places where their great ancestors ruled, and where they left behind them immortal memories! From the martial spirit which these great men implanted in the hearts of the people, Japan is now reaping a golden harvest, in the glorious victories over an enemy who looked with contempt upon "the little yellow man."

From Nikko you can take a *kago* (an instrument of torture), or ricksha, or best of all walk. From an elevation of two thousand feet you obtain a commanding view of all the valleys and mountains,

the lake at your feet, and the sacred mountain Nantaisan, 9,000 feet high. Pilgrims ascend this mountain and the lamps they carry look like fire-flies. From there to Yumoto is eight miles ; you pass the lake, cascade, and river, and cross the red plain, which was once a Waterloo in Japanese history. Around the lake is nothing but boiling sulphur and in the village are baths, where people boil themselves in public, and then sit content on the wayside, cooling off. When I saw Chiuzenji, the first frost had just turned the maple-leaves, and the sight was one of entire beauty, never to be forgotten. It reminded me of scenes on the Frazer river.

The leaves are falling in Hakoné  
 Damask is the maple in decay.  
 The beauties of old Fuji seem alone  
 Intent to stay.

Such was the state of things when I arrived at Miyanoshita at eleven o'clock at night, under a full moon, tired to death after a twelve hours' ride by train from Nikko. From Kodzu Station an electric tramcar takes you to Yumoto, through the once famous town of Odawara. From Yumoto there runs a splendid road right up to the Fujiya hotel at Miyanoshita, which you can either walk or ascend on a 'ricsha. The hotel itself, when I first saw it, was blazing with electric lights everywhere ; in the rooms, on the verandahs, among the trees, in the beautiful gardens, were hundreds of tiny electric sparks, some grouped in clusters, others half-hidden in the greenery. What a wonderful sight that was, among those grand mountains, in the calm night, and Fujiyama, snow-clad, silvered by a full moon, standing above all in incomparable beauty ! When I awoke the next morning life seemed for me just to begin. I drank full draughts of that glorious *ozone*, that mountain freshness ; the limpid dew of these mountains, green as the shamrock ; I bathed in the natural hot spring rushing from out the bottom of mother Earth and I felt like one far apart from the troubles and weariness of the world. This hotel is the finest and grandest of any in Japan ; but how easy to make it such, when nature lavished all her charms upon it, and the only thing needed was to build a house and surround it with a few lakes containing large goldfish and to sprinkle its grounds with flowers. The rest is all of nature's making.

The maples had turned purple when I visited this spot ; standing in groups on the green mountains and in the lovely valleys, the effect was marvellous. The house was overcrowded, every mail steamer brought blocks of tourists, who walked about, enchanted beyond their anticipations ; the Tokio people also have found this to be the place for their continual restoration. I also met there several Shanghai people, who went about inhaling the pure air as if getting up a reserve supply for the dreary mud flat during the next twelve months. To idle away a week in this place, listlessly to saunter along the roads, to feed the goldfish, and to read your favourite classics, these were the golden days indeed ! Farewell ! one's destiny grants no repetition of such joys. Once in a lifetime and then ?

There are the most charming walks and excursions in this district of Hakoné. To view Fuji there have been cut on the mountains zigzag roads, and the Sengenyawa view is very fine. Dōgashima has cascades and hot springs ; Ashinoyu with its strong sulphur baths (too powerful for ordinary mortals) ; the beautiful Hakoné lake around which people spend the hot season in detached villas, the famous *geyser* of Atami spouting forth volumes of hot salt water and steam every four hours ; the path leading to a stone from which can be seen ten provinces ; and many others. In my opinion the Hakoné district is the most interesting and healthful of all Japanese famous places ; it is easy of access, with all modern comforts, and the place for invalids, and those who wish to renew their youth—their Indian summer.



## The Imperial Palace & Nijo Castle.

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In the early morning, just before daybreak, I started on my way back from Miyanoshiba to Kodzu station. It was so early that the genii of the mountains had not yet retired. *Titania* and all her elfs were still playing among the dewy ferns, and *Otsuki Sana*—the lord moon—threw his lingering good-byes over the snowy slopes of Fujiyama. It was joy to be alive, and I worshipped the rising sun with gratitude for being allowed to see and admire the beauties of this morning. An hour's brisk walk along the rushing river brought us to Yumoto, where we took the electric cars to Kodzu. The mountains, dales, trees, and flowers looked newborn and as if enjoying the first morning of their existence ; the splendid boys and girls of Japan were trotting to school—the rising generation of a noble race—full of life and spirits, and with a pleasant "*ohio*" to the stranger. Taking train at Kodzu at eight in the morning, I arrived in Kioto at eleven o'clock in the night, having travelled through a beautiful country from Mount Fuji to Lake Biwa, without one moment's *ennui* or one minute of regret. As for the commissariat department, I had my sandwiches and salad from Fujiya's hotel, and at every station there were for sale the little boxes of delicious fried eels on foundations of boiled rice ; fruits of all kinds, beer and hot honourable tea. There are on this route enormous tunnels under high mountains, and long bridges over roaring rivers ; the beautiful sea, dotted with islands and flotillas of fishing-boats, is on your left right up to Maisaka, where the rail is laid on the very edge of the Pacific Ocean, and where the big breakers come rolling in at their measured intervals. At Suzukowa you have Fuji at its finest ; from the very base to the crater, the splendid mountain is lying

before you, now clad in virgin snow. The slopes are most fruitful ; cultivated as high up as nature permits, with orchards, rice, buckwheat, beans, and vegetables of all kinds, they look enchanting as seen from the swiftly-moving train. The great mountain rises over 12,000 feet. The whole of the Hakoné range passes to view like a panorama of sublime beauty ; the bay of Suruga is fringed on its sandy beach with pines, and moving a little more inland, you pass through miles of fenced-in sugar canes, sweet potatoes, rice, tea, and buckwheat, and the gentle swish of the ripening rice, as it bends before the breezes, comes like a sigh of satisfaction from fecund nature, that her task has at last been fulfilled. And the rice crop of Japan comes this year fully twenty per cent above the average.

And once more I enter my beloved Kioto.

During my stay in Tokio I had taken the precaution of securing at the Legation the permits to visit the Imperial Palace and Nijo Castle, without which it is absolutely impossible to gain admittance. So now, armed with these documents, I shall see with all my eyes the beauties they contain, and will write to you my humble description thereof.

After a day's rest and getting my proper bearing in this city of charms, I started forth one fine sunshiny morning in October, and humbly presented my credentials at the *Gosho*, the Mikado's palace. At the gate of the August Kitchen a group of policemen stood to attention and gave the military salute, when a venerable guardian of the Imperial domains, dressed in complete and perfect *hakama*, approached, and with a deep bow asked our honourable pleasure. With fear and trembling I presented my document, which, being found *en règle*, I was ushered into a writing-room, furnished in the foreign style, with carpet, chairs, tables, etc., where I wrote my name, title, profession, country, and residence. Then soft felt coverings were put over my shoes, my overcoat, hat, stick, gloves, deposited on orthodox hooks and shelves, and we started on our pilgrimage. A great many buildings were situated within the walls, divided by sanded walks and charming parks ; the entire area covering miles of ground. We first enter upon some lofty rooms,



BUDDHIST TEMPLE, HŌMIJI-JI, KUMAMOTO.





where in olden times the Mikado used to live his daily life ; there are no *tatami* on the floors, and paintings, doors, the throne-chairs, and the fittings are distinctly Chinese, denoting a period when culture and art were imported from that country. Further on we come to the throne-room, a grand apartment, with beautiful paintings—the replicas of ancient pictures, and the silken-curtained throne, where the Mikado was sitting in state, with his nobles and people in eighteen grades below him, and the multitude in the gravelled yard, where now stand the ancient cherry-tree, orange-tree, and two bamboos, symbolic of ancient rank and servitude. The Blue rooms, used for receptions and informal meetings, are charmingly decorated with paintings in blue and gold, engrafted with poems, written during inspired moments ; and the guide, on opening the shutters, displays to our admiring glances a perfect landscape garden with lakes, bridges, lawns, and tiny fern-groups—a place where the Mikado, in older times, used to repose with his ladies and minions and ramble on the moonlit glades listening to the music of the *samisen*. Next we were shown the Imperial study, a set of rooms devoted to study and poetry. In a small cabinet, on a raised dais, the ruler used to meditate, on silken cushions, and, when young, to receive the lessons necessary to his high estate. There are also splendid rooms for audiences and the performance of *nō* dances, which were witnessed by the Mikado, sitting, unseen, by himself, on a raised platform in a separate apartment. All these buildings are connected with each other by long corridors. The suite of rooms called the *Tsune Golen* are now never shown. They contain twelve rooms forming the Emperor's and Empress' private apartments, with those of their *entourage*. The Imperial bedchamber is in the centre and is placed in such a way (as is the chamber of the presently inhabited palace in Tokio) that nobody can approach it without first entering the surrounding rooms, where guards are in constant attendance. The ladies of the palace and the female servants are also located here, in splendid seclusion. The Mikado actually occupied these rooms a few years ago, while resting in this city, which he much loves. I put the patience of the guardian to a severe test with my repeated demands for admittance to these rooms,

until with a shrug of compassion, he informed me that, without special permission from Tokio, he had no power to lay them open for my inspection.

The entire aspect of the *Gosho* is grand and imposing. Everywhere one meets the Imperial sixteen-petalled chrysanthemums, blazing forth that this is the abode and property of the ruler of Japan. Simplicity also in its grandest form is observable. It seems to have been the guiding principle of these monarchs to show their people that the pleasures of life are to be restricted by the cares of State, unrestricted grandeur by refined study, voluptuous ease by sturdy endurance, and untold riches by thrift and labour. The *cha no yu* ceremony was enacted within these walls, by scores of succeeding Emperors, in all its most æsthetic rites and its most despotic rules, alternating with deeds of valour and patriotism of which history can show no equal. As it was in spirit five hundred years ago, so is Japan to-day. Unaltered, except in outward appearance; loyal, brave, patient, ever watchful; and so it will endure until the end of time.

From the master's house we went to that of the servants, Nijo Castle (*Nijo no Rikyu*); from the stern simplicity of the Imperial palace, to the blazing gold of the Shogun's Castle. The Tokogawa family has here, as in Nikko, held its sway for many centuries, starting with the famous Iyeyasu, who rebuilt the castle from its former ruins. Here he came to pay homage to the Mikado, his master—his slave. The *major-domo* of the palace and the master of Japan, such was Iyeyasu. You see now only the second keep, the chief keep having been burnt and struck by lightning long years ago; what must that have been, to judge by the splendour of the remaining building? From the gate of entrance to the very end of the last apartment, there is magnificent display of gold, gold, gold everywhere; on the coffered ceilings, on the oaken beams, on the walls of the spacious rooms, on the Tokogawa crest, in the screens, among the carvings, in the chased door fastenings, on the doors, screens, and paintings, there it shines, sometimes dull, in sepia, here massive, in graceful curves, hiding bolts and nails of baser metal, sparkling in carved allegories, on birds, flowers, tigers, and

dragons. To understand the appearance of all these lofty halls and chambers, one must remember that there is absolutely no furniture ; only the fine *tatami* with silken cushions ; splendid tassels, corded, on the sliding screens, and alcoves, framed in polished oak, with priceless *kaikemonos*. A vista of space and gold ! The *Aoi*, three-leaved Yokogawa crest, is now making room for the Imperial chrysanthemum. The *toko* in the audience room, where the Shogun received his vassals, in the dais or raised floor, eighteen feet long, consisting of a single piece of Japanese oak, polished like a mirror. Here he used to sit and grant death or *harakiri*. The *ramma* (transom) is the work of Hidari Tingoro.

There is the "Fourth Palace," the most magnificent of all. On the raised platform the wood is covered with black lacquer shining with age. The walls are painted with birds, flowers, snow-cold pines, a crane in a storm, and a sturdy ivy entwining a decayed tree. Next we come to the private dwelling where things look plainer, but are even more costly. The paintings in the "White Hall" are by Kano Sadanoba, the famous landscape painter. There are here four rooms gilded from roof to floor, one of them containing the picture of "The Sleeping Linnets," a masterpiece of art. A flight of stairs leads to a charming garden with plum-trees, cherry-trees, pines, maples, and green lawns with bridges and fine cascades and clusters of flowers around tiny teahouses. Such is the castle of Iyeyasu erected in 1603, held by his line in direct descent until surrendered to the present Mikado in 1867, by the last Tokogawa Shogun, Yoshinobu (Keiki), who is still living in Tokio.

In the village of Shugakuin, at the foot of the sacred Hiyei mountain, is situated the Imperial summer-house. It took me just an hour and a-half in the festive 'ricsha to reach this loveliest of all palaces, where the present Mikado's grandfather dwelled in peace, and where he planted the trees now sheltering his kindred. On three elevations, called Lower, Middle, and Upper *Ochaya*—Honourable Teahouses—are the three cottages, each surrounded by its own beautiful garden. They are connected by fine, sanded avenues, planted with dwarfed pines a hundred years old and six feet high. This is the place of all places in Kyoto to visit. It is

not accessible to the general public and requires a permit from the Imperial Household Department in Tokio to gain admission, but the trouble of getting permission will be repaid a thousand times by its manifold charms.

From the upper *Ochaya* the view over Kioto, the river, mountains, and valleys is enchanting. A small cottage, reached across an ancient stone-bridge, is situated on the highest elevation. From there the Mikados looked down upon their city, sitting in tranquil enjoyment on the raised *tatami*. Overhung by superb maples, oaks pines, and wisterias, there lies a magnificent lake, swarming with fish. Pleasure-boats, under snowy awnings and with silken cushions, are awaiting the Imperial visitors for a cruise around its bays and through its charming little fjords. Large lawns, smooth as velvet, clumps of camellias, lilies in running streams, acres of ferns, bridges with marble seats, labyrinths, long walks for a ramble with a sweetheart, cunningly planned in screened woodpaths, these, and many others make this the most beautiful place on earth. It was designed by a court lady, the favourite of Kōkaku Tennō, the grandfather of the present Mikado, who assisted her in all her designs.

With love, and surrounded with these charms, toying during the warm day under the trees or on the shining lake; at night under the smiling moon, idling, beyond the measurement of time, mooning, all in all to one another, with sighs of pleasure in the contemplation of the beautiful, what idyllic lives must they have led here, and how sad must have been the hour of parting.

The famous pines were transplanted from Maiko, on the Inland Sea, the famous bridge, *Chitose Bashi*, was built for the Mikado by Naito, who, not having previously gained the consent of the Shogun to deliver it over, was compelled to commit *harakiri*. The view from here commands the mountains of Arashiyama, Hiei San, Atago, and Kurama, the city and valley of Kioto and the river Kamo.

These beautiful Imperial palaces, castles and domains are shut to the Japanese people, nobody under the third court rank being admitted. So much splendour, beauty, art, loveliness kept barred

from sight! An army of servants and overseers keep perfect order and everything is kept as if the master were expected on the morrow. Could not the yearnings of the "lower classes" be satisfied by throwing open to their admiring gaze these grand places, where now solitude reigns? Say on the Mikado's birthday, at New Year, and on some great festival. It would, if that were possible, increase the love and veneration of the sovereign if they were permitted to look upon the scenes of Japan's great historical events.

A short distance, on the banks of the river, is situated a charming teahouse, called *Yama-bana-lehachi* or something like it, where we sat in pavilions overhanging the river, and ate the fine trout, which had been caught, killed and fried on our arrival, and were further regaled with Asahi beer, fruits of all kinds, and rice from the Imperial adjoining fields, just garnered, and delicious.

From there we drove to Shimo-Gamo, a Shinto temple situated in a small village, where the rivers Takano and Kamo meet. It is maintained by the Imperial family and dates from 91 B.C. There is a fine carving over the gate representing the Mikado on a journey in his palanquin, followed by endless crowds of abbots, nobles, and *samurai*. People here wash themselves in a cool, clear stream, which issues from the rock; this ceremony is said to purify soul and body. The Imperial ancestors are here worshipped. There are also at certain seasons sacred dances and the *nô* given by the priests and their families. A beautiful park shades the grounds, where the maples just now were in all their damask glory.

From this temple to the famous golden pavilion of Kinkakuji, the distance is short. The 'ricsha took us right up to—what? Nothing. The building had been taken down and was in the process of being entirely renewed, only a few old beams having been allowed to remain to certify its antiquity. The "curios" had been removed to the adjoining temple, where we duly inspected the statue of Yoshimitsu, Shogun of the *Ash kaga* family, who abdicated, became monk, and ended his days in retirement and tea-drinking; the images of Amida, Kwannon, and Seishi; works and manuscripts of Kobo Daishi; famous paintings; the Grape, Pine, and Banana Rooms; the large pinetree trained in the shape of a Japanese junk, and many other relics of bygone times.

In a charming garden there is a lake with an island on its bosom, where great carp and goldfish abound, jumping at the cake thrown them by friendly visitors. Fantastic-shaped monstrosities in rocks, with water rushing from the cavities, are reached by winding, shady walks under purple maples; the footsteps of the Imperial monk are traced everywhere; where he washed his hands, the spring from which he drew the water for brewing his tea, the places where he rested, bathed, and slumbered. Close by is a hill called "White Hat Mountain," so named on account of its being covered with white silk, by orders of a Mikado of old, who fancied himself feeling cooler on a very hot day, by looking at the mountain which his imagination thus found snow-clad. A rather expensive whim, and despotic to boot, but such were the olden times in Japan.

A typical little cottage for *cha no yu*, ceremonial tea-drinking, called *Seikkatei*, lies perched on the top of a grassy slope. It was here, where Yoshimitsu and his favourite monks indulged in this classic and æsthetic taste in small rooms containing three *tatami*. He was an abject slave and unprincipled devotee to this habit, which he and his subjects carried to such an excess that it exceeded all things in extravagance, luxury, and licentiousness. It is still carried on by certain classes of Japanese, who, in extreme cases, suffer as much from exhausted constitutions and shattered nerves, as the Chinese do from the excessive use of opium. It is simply drinking the powdered leaves of the tea plant, boiled, a kind of bitter gruel.

On our departure a young monk of the temple presented us in proper style with *cha no yu*, which the Japanese gulped down in ecstasy. From the ruins of Kinkakuji, now rising, like the phoenix on its roof, from its former ashes, we descended upon the great Shinto temple, Kitano Tenjin. There are worshipped with burning enthusiasm the spirits of Sugawara-no-Michizane, deified under the name Tenjin, the most famous of Japanese poets and historical writers. Having been raised to the highest rank by the Mikado, he drew upon himself the fear and hatred of the mighty Fujiwara family, who had him banished to the island of Kyushu, where he died. On departing he wrote a poem on his beloved plum-tree, which is now quoted by every scholar in Japan. Translated, it reads thus :

“When the east wind arises, send forth your sweet fragrance, O blossoms of the plum: do not forget the spring-time because you are without a master.”

It is said, and believed most faithfully, that this plum-tree followed him through the air and took root at his place of exile, where he died in 903 A.D. He was the Japanese *Boccaccio*.

The present edifice was built in 1605 by Hideyori, the son of the great Hideyoshi; who before his death had given full instruction about its rebuilding in plain *hinoki* wood. The great gate of the Three Luminaries—sun, moon, and stars—is a fine piece of work; the grounds beyond contain twenty-seven acres and no less than forty shrines. An avenue is formed by countless stone lanterns, dating from all ages, the gifts to the temple of Michizane's worshippers. His car (*mikoshi*) is kept in a separate building, whence it issues every 4th October, forming one of the greatest festivals in Kyoto. Owing to the saint's great love for plum-trees, whole forests have been planted in the temple grounds, which give forth a delicious fragrance when nature is in mid-winter. As Michizane is supposed to have set out on exile riding a bull, there are here herds of bronze bulls, in all attitudes. To my great surprise my 'ricshaman ran up to one of these animals and, after fondly embracing it, began to rub its belly most energetically. On enquiry it appeared that he was suffering from a sore stomach and it is the firm belief of the common people that on rubbing the part of the bull corresponding to that of your own anatomy which is hurting you, health and ease will at once be restored. What about faith-healing?





## Ten Minutes' Interval.

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Between my departure from Kioto, the place I love, and the impending visit to the Russian prisoners at Himeji (which I hate), I pause a moment to think over what I have seen and noted in Japan, the land of my desire. With deep gratitude I look back upon the kindness and consideration shown to me by my many dear friends, who, when they saw that my admiration of their beautiful country was sincere (which they did in very short time), received me with open arms and led me to their inner circle, their very *sanctum sanctorum*, where they treated me as one of themselves, with every mark of friendship and hospitality that kind hearts only can supply. If I am compelled to mark their few failings and shortcomings, their forgiveness has already been obtained; the good souls know that what I say against them is not told in any carping spirit of sarcasm, but a straight talk between man and men, a *résumé* of a few habits and customs already on the wane and soon to disappear. Where on this globe is there anything perfect? And where are these imperfections less than in Japan? Loaded with letters of introduction to all classes of people, I have been allowed to enter their private lives; have been the sharer of their intimate pleasures, and the trusted friend in matters of difficulty, where very few foreigners would have been consulted or even tolerated. In sorrow I anticipate the hour of parting. As the noble Japanese surgeon on the battlefield dresses the wounds of the Russian with particular and special care, throwing aside all feelings of animosity to the wounded enemy, so shall I have to probe a few scratches on the Japanese body before the complete restoration can be effected. To do this on a system already approaching complete recovery is a labour of love and easy withal.

To begin with the Japanese family life, there is nothing more perfect or more beautiful. The master of the household, *Danna San*, is venerated and beloved by his own people. His wife, true as steel, the purest and most charming woman on earth, loves and obeys (though he himself has perfect liberty to enjoy himself with others, of which he very often takes advantage); his children worship him; his servants entrust to him their happiness and welfare. After death the father's and mother's ancestral tablets are kept in the family shrine, daily worshipped, flowers and fruits put before them, and through generation after generation never forgotten. To add to the happiness of, or to prevent misfortune to, their elders, the children will gladly die the death. They sacrifice their lives, their honour, their very souls with a smile of pleasure; nothing is so sacred to them as is the being who gave them life. The wife, in a cheerful obedience, acknowledging her inferiority, cares for no pleasure but that of pleasing her lord, her love. If poor, work for her own is her duty and her pleasure, from early morn to dewy eve. Tidy and charmingly clean is her cottage; her children her treasures; her husband her kind and forbearing companion. Never an angry or unkind word is uttered in the household. The bees are humming in the little flower garden; doves are nestling in the trees; the tiny brook murmurs sweet welcome, the honourable tea is always ready for the weary wayfarer, and all things combine in peace and harmony to make the home, the family, the very breastwork of Japanese life. To his servants the master is ever kind in speech and action, and more a protector than a superior. At certain times and seasons his favours are bestowed upon his retainers with a generous and liberal hand; presents of clothes or money are then given, and received with gratitude and respect. To his sons, as they grow up, he is a genial companion; to his daughters a teacher of refined elegance, and in their eyes an example of all that is good and noble. The mother teaches her girls to be, as she is herself, pure, charming, obedient, and loving. The *Oba San*—the venerable grandmother—is the glory of the house. With shaved head, and in a loose-fitting *kimono*, she is as playful as a kitten. The old lady often dearly loves her *sake*, and is humoured in everything her heart de-

sires; the youngsters all love old "granny," and when she at last "condescends not to live," she is mourned for in deep reverence, cremated with great ceremony, and one of the props of the house seems gone. There is nothing sweeter and more charming than these old ladies; they have lived their happy lives, loved, met grief bravely, given comfort to many others, and are now calmly waiting for *Nirvana*. Such as they are, were the ladies of old ; grand women, the mothers of heroes.

As it is in the family, so it occurs in the entire nation. The Mikado is god, master ; his subjects, his children and dependents. Love and veneration broadcast over the realm, forming a gigantic, solid Empire, united in the closest bonds of hereditary worship.

As regards the Japanese estimate of foreigners, people from the outside make a great mistake in thinking that they are despised by these people ; on the contrary, they are envied and some of the "Young Japan" specimens would gladly give the tips of their little fingers to be taken for Frenchmen or Italians. Imitations of all things foreign are the order of the day, that is to say, things foreign, approved of and improved according to Japanese ideas. I could mention several "Things Japanese," originally from abroad, but much better as they appear here ; in fact, latest editions.

In lingering haste they absorb all things that agree with their digestion, and the most foreign of all foreign "notions" become intensely Japanese. They are in one moment butterflies of the hour, playing in the sunshine and heeding naught ; the next appearing as prodigies in problems of the most complicated nature, or heroes fighting the world for pre-eminence in science, warfare, and political economy. In their nature there exists a mysterious combination of the sublime and the ridiculous ; in their souls burn incandescent lights of sacrifice for honour, for friendship, and for Japan. Nothing in creation excels their grand endurance of hardship, their science of being happy in misery ; nowhere between the two poles is there a race so addicted to luxury, pleasure, indolence, mastery, minute details, grandeur, the arts, the drama, and the charms of women.

Superstitious to a high degree, their stage swarms with ghosts, goblins, demon foxes, and spirits from the nether-world ; in their

modern evolutions they believe in nothing which is not heard, seen, or felt. In their code of honour they esteem and applaud the extinction of an entire family for the rescue of a friend. The man who to-day throws all cares to the wind, who in the arms of a geisha will dream away to the farthest lotus-land, will on the morrow go to battle and bleed away his life with a joyous *banzai* for his country. Such are the extremes of the "Japanese characteristics," of which so much has been written and very little understood. Their children divide with the *tatami* the rule over the country; they form a kind of benevolent despotism, controlled by an unlimited liability of charm and comfort; their reign is absolute and they are united in the closet friendship, which has the entire confidence of the nation.

Sir Edwin Arnold wrote of the Japanese "undressed wood." So to speak, they throw their beautiful houses open to the public. There is absolutely no privacy in Japan. They bathe in public and expose their naked bodies to the wayfarer, without any sense of shame or false modesty (according to our pale-faced and cowardly sense of the word), but they object to have the figures of the nude Venus painted on canvas and exposed to public view, by which objection they put us to the blush with our "To the pure all things are pure," omitting, as we do, to count the number of the last-named in audience. Nor do they allow their wives to pose with bare shoulders and arms at the dinner table or in the ballroom, theatre, or concert hall, nor allow their daughters *en décolleté* to be gazed upon and embraced by young aspirants to matrimony—or something less. These customs of ours are altogether objectionable to the crude ideas of morality which the Japanese have inherited from their ancestors and stubbornly adhere to.

A certain powerful daimiö, who was known for his anti-foreign spirit, once saw a splendid gold watch in the hands of one of his retainers. His curiosity being aroused, he closely examined the watch, which was a superb piece of workmanship. Opening it, he discovered the intricate works hiding within. The larger wheels forcing motion upon the smaller ones; the fine jewels adjusting the balance, and the regulator of time, awoke his admiration. Judging that a nation producing such a masterpiece could do still greater

things, he pondered long and deeply over the destiny of his own nation, surpassed and left behind in the progress of civilisation, and soon became one of the foremost leaders in the restoration of the Mikado to full power, and the opening of Japan to the world, leading it surely and safely to the glorious epoch of the present day.

In Japan all animals seem to be tame, and approach man without fear; the bees don't sting, the snakes preserve their venom, the dogs bite not. It looks as if the spirit of kindness and toleration, which distinguishes the race, has been extended to the brute creation, which has been made fearless and become domesticated through long periods of safety from their hands.

The family life is always charming. Simple habits and domestic happiness reign there. During the day, work, gentle, refined, made attractive by cheerful co-operation; at night, after the evening meal of rice, fish, eggs, and vegetables, the united family on the *tatami*, lamps lighted, the men playing chess or cards, the ladies at embroidery, flower arrangement studies (*ikebana*), now and then singing ballads (*utai*) to the accompaniment of the *samisen*, *koto*, or harp. Painting they understand well, (I do not refer to their faces), especially flowers and birds. The *hibashi* is kept burning with glowing charcoal, and tiny pipes are smoked at intervals. The honourable tea is always in evidence, and is kept fresh and fragrant until the family separates for slumber, with the beautifully soft lisp: *O yasumi nasai*: Honourably resting deign!

The Japanese are always laughing.

I should class this habit as

#### I.—THE JAPANESE SMILE.

Nothing more gentle, nothing so pathetic. In gladness, sorrow, anger, shame, or disappointment, with the fox gnawing at his breast, or with joy shining in his eyes—there it is! The late Lafcadio Hearn has lovingly and minutely studied this trait of their character and I can do nothing better than quote a few of the examples he gives. Thus:

“One of my Yokohama friends—a thoroughly lovable man, who had passed more than half his life in the open ports of the East—said to me, just before my departure for the interior: “Since

you are going to study Japanese life, perhaps you will be able to find out something for me. I can't understand the Japanese smile. Let me tell you one experience out of many. One day, as I was driving down from the Bluff, I saw an empty *kuruma* ('ricsha') coming up on the wrong side of the curve. I could not have pulled up in time if I had tried; but I didn't try, because I didn't think there was any particular danger. I only yelled to the man in Japanese to get to the other side of the road; instead of which he simply backed his *kuruma* against a wall on the lower side of the curve, with the shafts outwards. At the rate I was going, there wasn't room even to swerve; and the next minute one of the shafts of that *kuruma* was in my horse's shoulder. The man wasn't hurt at all. When I saw the way my horse was bleeding, I quite lost my temper and struck the man over the head with the butt of my whip. He looked right into my face and smiled, and then bowed. I can see that smile now. I felt as if I had been knocked down. The smile utterly nonplussed me,—killed all my anger instantly. Mind you, it was a polite smile. But what did it mean? Why the devil did the man smile? I can't understand it." Neither, at that time, could I; but the meaning of much more mysterious smiles has since been revealed to me. A Japanese can smile in the teeth of death, and usually does. But he then smiles for the same reason that he smiles at other times. There is neither defiance nor hypocrisy in the smile; nor is it to be confounded with that smile of sickly resignation which we are apt to associate with weakness of character. It is an elaborate and long-cultivated etiquette. It is also a silent language.

This is the smile, which flits charmingly across the faces of ugly men, and enhances the beauty of lovely women. It is a smile of graciousness and courtesy, a greeting of welcome, and a thanksgiving for favours received and hospitality bestowed. It is the national banner of Japan, its most fascinating emblem of culture and good manners. Smiling, the master leads you to his most sacred treasure, his house; sweetly smiling the lady bids you enter and to remain for ever; blushing like the rose and with a charming smile the young ladies beg you to be seated, and on their knees

serve the honourable tea ; with the bow of a Bayard and the manners of a Chesterfield, the young son of the house humbly prays that you will deign to accept his father's hospitality. Nowhere is there anything more highbred, more charming, more sincere, and more beautiful than this ; the Japanese smile.

## 2.—THE JAPANESE GRIN.

There have been, and daily occur, cases where foreigners have been, and are, grinned at by the Japanese populace. It has been, is, and will be, a continual cause for ill-feeling, contempt, anger, and shame, on the part of those grinned at. A man walks the streets ; he may carry more than the ordinary weight, or he may be exceptionally lean and tall ; a woman may ride on horseback ; a party may be travelling along in 'ricshas, or squatting on the mats in a theatre, or taking off their shoes at the entrance of a temple or teahouse ; result : grins from mouth to ear, broad, full of enjoyment. The grave and serious faces of foreigners evoke the ridicule of these ever-smiling islanders. American globe-trotters get "riled" and feel bitter and revengeful ; Englishmen mutter "d—— these fellows," and Frenchmen growl *sacré M<sup>me</sup>. Chrysanthème*, while the Russians (used to) cry for Kuropatkin.

I am convinced that these people think nothing in their grin will in any way hurt the feelings of the foreigners ; if they thought it did, they would at once try to look serious. I sat down the other day in a teahouse on a chair which seemed to me to look awfully strong and respectable. All at once a crash, and I was on the floor. It hurt like the deuce, and I nearly broke my arm. The landlady was simply splitting her sides with laughing. This was a little too much for my patience, and I told her in a few sharp words what I thought of her. She turned crimson, and fled like a startled deer from the rude foreigner, who had thus misunderstood her feelings, nor would she under any circumstances see me again. But what will you ? How could I possibly understand that her grins were forced, and that she had tried to soothe my pains by her merriment ? I venture to think, that if these people grinned less and smiled no less foreigners would like them better.

The educated classes are as bad in this matter, only their grin is a little more refined. (Which makes it more cruel and hurts more.)

The officials in this country appear to be overbearing and haughty, and when addressed give short and snappy answers. This is simply a remnant of the old feudal times, when disobedience to authority meant death, but it is slowly but surely being crushed by the Government and, when detected, severely punished. The solemn majesty of the "garden" policeman is ridiculed on the stage, but they are really good fellows, ever willing to oblige and assist the foreigner in distress. The most obnoxious are the minor clerks in railway offices and post-offices, tax-collectors, and other small fry, but they are being corrected, and if they do not bend, will surely be broken.

The *Kuruma San* or "Mister Ricshaman" is one of the great boons and blessings of Japan. Always polite, grateful for the smallest present, he has the staying powers of a horse, and runs his twelve miles a day with ease and swiftness. When starting on a journey he bows to you very respectfully, and says *Dozo O Kake nasai*, which means: please sit down, literally: please honourably to place deign. He never passes a comrade without saying: *Gomen nasai*, which means, "excuse me," literally, "august-excuse deign," while he shamefacedly passes him (as a matter of utter necessity). But there is one thing he will do with the innocent tourist, and that is he will take a *chika-michi* (a short cut) whenever he can. Now, if you want to go from your hotel to, say, a temple in the outskirts of the town, he will take you there through all the backslums he knows (and they are myriads), thereby saving himself muscle. If engaged by the hour he may do this to swell the time of his employment. Anyhow, the traveller, instead of seeing the fine, broad streets with their many attractions, is whirled through a labyrinth of narrow lanes, where he sees nothing but children playing and women washing. This is a trick of his, which should be prevented by the fare telling the hotel-manager, when starting on a trip, to direct his being taken through the large and interesting streets.



Japan has great reason to pride herself on her schools, which abound everywhere, on the plains and up the mountains. The paternal government pays most of the expenses, sixty sen per month in fees being considered high charges. The superior schools and colleges teach native and foreign languages, science, commerce, arts, *belles lettres*, music, and modern warfare; gymnastics and military drill are taught to males and females alike; you hear little mites of four years shouting in mighty chorus:

Nippon Kata, Nippon Kata,

Russia makitaa.

Japanese are brave, Russians are cowards.

I know some young ladies from Kioto, aged between twelve and sixteen, who play the foreign violin beautifully and with real artistic touch, in both Japanese and foreign melodies. Every boy and every girl is educated in what is deemed necessary and beneficial in their respective classes of society; there are no sluggards; patriotism, self-respect, manliness, decorum, and knowledge are planted in their breasts from earliest infancy, and are meant to last; the foundation is there laid to that bravery which is at the present time shown so brilliantly in the war against Russia, where every Japanese soldier has the *morale*, the *motif*, as has the General in command. They know for what they are fighting; no mere machines driven to the slaughter-block, but units of a magnificent whole, a wall of granite: one for all and all for one. *Bansai!* Baseball and cricket are also played, and well played in these schools and colleges. Every boy loves his bat.

The railways in Japan are, on the whole, badly managed, but improvement is rapidly making headway. Can one criticise a system which counts about thirty years in all, and which arose from chaos? The sleeping and dining cars are insufficient in numbers and defective in fittings, uncomfortable; there is but one first-class carriage in a train, and the speed is slow. But a few years hence things will be different, and there will be trains *de luxe*, equal to any in the Occident. Great credit is due to the management of the through trains, who, in spite of the steady flow of extras, loaded with troops, horses, guns, and munitions for the front, have yet



"SAYONARA GOTIZO"—FAREWELL PARTY.



succeeded in making the trains for ordinary traffic be on time with almost usual regularity. As in all things here, the most minute details are studied, arranged, put on trial, tested, and brought to perfection. A wonderland with a great future.

The Japanese theatre is to me a joy of joys. In their classic plays they have no superiors, these are represented true as life. The dresses are magnificent, the scenery superb, and the revolving stage a matter to be imitated by us. The so-called *shoshi* (modern) plays are getting much patronised lately, and they are certainly presented in a very realistic way. I saw "The Count of Monte-Christo," by Alexandre Dumas, played in Osaka, and was much astonished at the fine acting. Since the death of Japan's foremost actor, Danjurō, a young man named Kawakami has come to the front; he played "Hamlet" in the part of the title-rôle, and his wife acted splendidly as Ophelia, the love-sick maiden.

The comedies are full of broad humour and sparkling with wit and repartee. A chair can always be procured for a *yen* extra, and the first-class seats are on the right-hand side, on the lower floor, where the higher classes recline on the *tatami*.

There is a restaurant in Osaka, which caters in the foreign style, under the name of "Naniwa-Tei," in Higashiku, the memory of whose finely-cooked tiffins and dinners still lives in my grateful breast. I have dined and supped in most places on earth and water, and never have I been better fed than here. The cuisine is perfect, the wines excellent. It is patronised solely by the wealthy Osaka merchants, bankers, and officials, who dearly love to break the monotony of their lives with a good foreign-style blow-out; many of these patriarchs have been at the Café Anglais and Delmonico's, and they know a good thing when they eat it.

Japan excels in its scarecrows. To see them swaying and flopping on the ripening ricefields would make a professional humorist laugh. In all shapes and with the finest dressings; some in tall old silk hats, others in nightcaps. In boots, in trowsers, in *kimonos*, in vests, in masks with immense noses, with moustaches, with whiskers and wigs, with tails *à la Chinois* and Russian military caps (a sure scare for the birds), they dangle in the wind. They

are an additional proof of the humorous side of the Japanese character: it seemed to me that the birds flocked specially on and around the spaces where these monsters were put to scare them away, but then the Japanese birds are as tame as the Japanese bees and they make no more havoc with the rice than they can possibly help. Why should they?

It remains to me now only to say a few words about some eccentric sign-boards in English, which I have noticed on some of the public places here, and to mention one or two specimens of curio-mongers I had the misfortune to fall across. In Kioto I noticed a paper over the window of an eating-house; it ran thus: Korea and Rice (curry and rice).

Musk rooms with Susan. (Mushrooms in season).

Sweat Omelettes. Ass Buru (Asahi Beer), (or perhaps Bass's Beer).

Another:

Käse und Liebe (evidently put by a foreign wag).

At a barber's:

Head cutting cheap price. Baby half. Madames trimmed.

A famous teahouse up north seems cosmopolitan.

One-half francs. (On parle français).

Man dam Deutsch. (Man spricht deutsch).

Englis broken here. (English spoken here).

Yankee Doodle.

Geisha, Maiko, John Keenee.

But this is the best! (It was given to me in the street)—If you have the time *plus* the money, hasten plainly per *Kuruma* to Samurai Nippon swort-dance with Musme, so sheap, so beauful, tears in eyes, and *Kimono* no charge. You please.

The retail curio-monger is the greatest nuisance in Japan; he is a vampire who tries to suck your purse and lies in wait for you in the corridors of hotels, where he tackles you after meals on a full stomach of beefsteak and potato-salad. I met a fine specimen at Kanaya's Hotel, Nikko. He was a fishy-looking man with a

cadaverous face and long arms. He saw me smoking a cigar (the sure sign of wealth in Japan, where cigars pay duty at 250 per cent *ad valorem*) and made for me.

"I have—a—pawnshop. My—father—has—a—pawnshop. My—grandfather—also—had—a—pawnshop. For—many—years—we—family—had—pawnshop. Many, many—old—pledges—from—old—time—not—redeemed—therefore—we—are—enabled—to—show—grand—curios—from—pawnshop—(here he got excited). Since Empress Jingo who conquered Corea called Shosen and famous warrior Hideyoshi, who built Osaka Castle, and through the reigns of many, many,—we—pawnshop—family—pawnshop. . .

Assuming my very lordliest air and puffing vigorously at my cigar, I put my finger on his—pawnshop and said: My friend, there are crowds of Americans in the dining-room, not yet quite sober; wait for them and take them to uncle, who will sell Hideyoshi and the Empress Jingo and Adam's evening dress suit quite easily. As for myself, I have the honour of being a personal friend of Mr. Ikeda of Kioto, and when I buy, I buy from him, savey?"

That settled him. He gasped: "Ah, the great I-Keda—Kioto—pawnshop," and collapsed—Next time I saw him he was doing a big business with America. There was great commotion in the corridors that night, in furs, around a party of forty-two Americans just arrived by the *Manchuria*. A lovely fox-skin was presented, price *Yen* 7.50. Cry from a lady: "Dear me, George, how cheap! Really. I thought it would be at least double of that." Dealer pricks up his ears, listens with all his might, and smiles his Japanese smile. Result: skins dear that night, very!

A paterfamilias in a hotel in Kobe came to the reading-room, where the family was assembled.

"What do you think, Julia? I just saw a beautiful tea-set at Nunobiki. Only eighteen *yen*! To-morrow morning, first thing, we'll go out and secure it, lest somebody else will snaffle it."

Cost price: *Yen* 2.50.

Such is life in the Far East!

*Honesta quam splendida!*

railway-track, in the valleys, and over the mountains; the latest inventions in gymnastics and bicycle manœuvres are practised and horses are trained for artillery work. It is a busy scene, full of life, energy, and skilful activity. There are many, many thousands of young lives yet at the disposal of the country; the sons of Japan are there ready to go to battle, to fight bravely and to die joyfully, as fate may decree.

And further on, housed in comfortable quarters, tenderly taken care of, overwhelmed with gifts, visited by their relations from far away, are the wounded, returned from the battlefield. Many a sad picture is presented here. Bravely they fought and now they are earning their rewards. For those who fell there is "*nehan*."

It was a great pleasure to me to go around the cottages of these brave fellows and distribute cigarettes and such little things that soldiers like, and their gratitude was that of children, they actually beamed with joy. I took as many photos as I liked, and nobody said me nay. The losses at Port Arthur and in Manchuria must have been great, to judge by the number of wounded here, but with true philosophy they compare the sacrifice with the result, and are contented. One man, an officer (who, thank God, was *not* killed), wrote thus to his wife: "I have now been through three battles without a hurt. To-morrow I fight the fourth, in which I will surely be killed. In that case, mourn not my death, but bear it like a true Japanese woman. I but ask you to bring up our children in love for the Mikado, and to erect my tablet in memory." He has met his wife and children in Himeji and, though short of one arm, and with a bullet through the neck, he is yet quite able to raise more heroes like himself. Had his father, the old *samurai* with the two swords, been alive now, he would simply have said: Son, thou hast done thy duty—well. See that thy children follow thee.

Let not the wily tourist imagine that it is an easy task to get access to this castle, to these prisoners, and to the wounded soldiers. It requires letters, permits, and introductions. At every gate, turret, avenue, and pathway there is placed a sentry, whose gun would never miss fire. The strictest discipline is enforced within the castle, and even in the barracks of the wounded. Particular care is

taken that a visitor deposits all such things as matches or other inflammable articles, which he may carry with him, at the entrance. Mischief or negligence might cause the destruction of an edifice, sacred to every Japanese heart. It is one of the few remaining—perfect—landmarks of the ancient times, and one of these days, when the present little trouble has been settled, the Castle of Himeji will, no doubt, be restored to all its former glory, with golden screens, silken *tatami*, coffered ceilings, *kakemonos*, and *kinoki keyaki* carvings. The grand old building well deserves these interior decorations; its exterior is perfect as it is.

From Himeji I went by the "Bantam Line" railway to Ikuno, partly to visit a friend—a man from China—who had raised his tent in that most beautiful spot, for a year's rest, and also for the purpose of visiting the famous mines of that place. After passing three or four stations, where the country was mostly flat and uninteresting, I entered the Switzerland of Japan. No words of mine can correctly paint the beauty of the scenery passing before me, as seen from the swiftly running train. It was a wintry day, but the sun was shining gloriously. From the bare and rugged mountains its golden rays were reflected on the smiling valleys, and on the rushing river which we followed through long tunnels and over splendid bridges. From there to the terminus of the line, Nij, it was nothing but mountains, valleys, torrents, and cascades; cascades, torrents, valleys, and mountains. It was a Switzerland, but more charming—it was a Switzerland and Italy combined. After three hours' run I arrived at Ikuno, where a comfortable hotel in the Japanese style was ready to receive me. After a hot bath and a good supper, the pretty little *ne-sans* had me tucked up under the silken *futons*, and I was in the arms of—Morpheus. During the night it snowed. When my honourable tea was served to me in the morning, and the wooden shutters had been removed, I got up and looked out; there was the whole country covered with a white mantle of snow, mountains, valleys, trees, houses, and streets, all a shining white, and just then the sun came out, the snow ceased to fall, and nothing can describe the beauty of that morning. Any man with a soul within him would have worshipped on that shrine of beauty; as for me—"the enthusiast" as some of the



foreign pressmen here call me—I stood there motionless for an hour, filling my senses with ecstasy and my lungs with ozone from that cold, crisp, wintry air. The little children of the village came out of their houses and had a gay old time snowballing and making snow images; they were in their true element and as lively as frogs in a lotus pond. It was very cold, but it was very beautiful and splendidly healthful.

The next day I took a ride in my friend's dogcart. We went for miles on a level road winding from one valley to another, with snowclad mountains all around us, and wound up at a pretty little teahouse, where we drank our own whisky and smoked many pipes, rambling about and admiring the manifold beauties lying before us. On the mountains the leaves of the maple had turned a deep purple; those of the cherry were dark yellow; the pines remaining in their fresh green loveliness. Here are the Christmas-trees so much desired in Shanghai at the now approaching festive season, also the holly and mistletoe, evergreen, charming to behold. The little plants of the winter-wheat are already showing their green heads above the soil, barley is sown, and beans, carrots, turnips, Japanese clover, cabbages, parsley, and peas are ready for the cutting. The grasses on the hills are still green, and tiny blue and yellow flowers abound. Soon will the fragrant plum bloom; it is the winter's daughter, who sheds her charms when snow and ice encircle her branches.

If this should meet the eye of someone living in China, say a man like myself, with a limited income, perhaps a man with a family, may be in search of rest, or health; one who would wish to dream away a month,—to him I would say, come to Ikuno. He would here find a beautiful country, quietness, absolute rest, and no tourists. Within two minutes' walk from the railway station he would find a clean, comfortable hotel in the Japanese style, where the charges are *Yen* 45 per month with native food, and *Yen* 60 per month with foreign meals. Spotlessly clean; kind people, and 1,200 feet above the sea. During July and August cool, breezy, with fine bathing in the flowing river, splendid walks, mountain climbing; amidst flowers and fruits and fragrant grasses. During

the winter an alpine paradise with splendid shooting. No dressing for dinner; no small talk with people you would rather not meet; no conventional duties, and no artificial courtesy. Nothing but pure air, nature adorned with beauty, charming country people, and rest, absolute, perfect. During the shooting season the hills abound with wild boar, deer, pheasants, woodcock, and other game. A license costs *Yen* 30.

Eight years ago the Mitsui Company purchased from the Imperial Government the gold and silver mines of Tasei and Mikobata, and the copper mine of Kanagase, all situated in Ikuno. These are now known under the name of "Ikuno Ginzan." A trolley line, drawn by horses, runs right up to Nij, picks up ore from the different mountains, and discharges the same at the works in the village, where it is assorted, crushed, smelted, and then forwarded to Osaka, for the final process of refining. The ore is roasted and lixiviated with hyposulphite of soda, and the silver then forced by a process of sulphite. Gold and silver and copper are found blended in this ore; they are not separated here, but sent in slabs of mixed material to Osaka. The works employ 1,500 men, women, and children, who work from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., when the night-gang relieves them. The office is shut at 5 o'clock. The gentlemen connected with this mine—managers, engineers, experts, and clerks, are all men of culture, who speak English fluently and who are most obliging in showing visitors around the works. There is a strong vein of silver running for 6,000 feet along the mountain behind the offices, where a shaft 400 feet deep has been sunk, which is now being worked with splendid results. The slags come out of the ovens after burning for twenty hours in an enormous heat, as liquid fire, and are thus discharged into iron moulds, where they gradually cool off. The smell of sulphurous fumes is perfectly sickening, but arrangements have been made to expel the more poisonous vapours through long shafts, where they are finally discharged through a long chimney on the top of the mountain. The people engaged in this work seem quite healthy. The entire machinery is worked by electricity, as are also the streets of the village supplied with light from these engines. The output of gold

foreign pressmen here call me—I stood there motionless for an hour, filling my senses with ecstasy and my lungs with ozone from that cold, crisp, wintry air. The little children of the village came out of their houses and had a gay old time snowballing and making snow images; they were in their true element and as lively as frogs in a lotus pond. It was very cold, but it was very beautiful and splendidly healthful.

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and silver (mixed) goes up to two ounces per ton. The whole concern is in fine order, and officials and men work together in perfect peace and harmony, as they do everywhere in Japan. It is a wonderful sight to see the hard quartz being crushed into fine sand and all valuable ore being extracted in reverberating, revolving, water-flooded turbines, then roasted in the enormous ovens and coming out as fine, regular slabs. This mine is said to have been worked for a thousand years.

The last station on this line is Nij, where I arrived is twenty minutes, part of the way through a splendid tunnel and over long bridges. The mountains there were all covered with snow and the scenery simply superb. The fine silk factory Otagaki of Tajima employs about 200 pretty young women in winding off the raw silk from the cocoons, and putting it up in hanks ready for shipment to America. When I visited this factory work was in full swing and the girls laughing and jocund, and singing like larks; the genial proprietor took me in hand and conducted me over his premises, where everything was perfect and everything was Japanese-made. When one considers that this silk, shipped abroad, pays no export duty, is tampered with no likin, derived from cocoons direct from the grounds which swarm with mulberry trees; that the government even gives a subsidy to the manufacturers to encourage them, where does the China silk come in? How can it possibly compete with the Japanese article? Manacled with duties from the cocoon to the cloth, hemmed in with regulations, rummaged by petty officials, and skinned by middlemen, brokers and compradores, how can it survive? And yet it does! Is it perhaps owing to its superiority to the Japanese kind? It may be, but I doubt it very much.

While eating my tiffin at the teahouse, I noticed an unusual commotion in the honourable kitchen, and an ocular demonstration found that about two hundred dinners were being cooked there. Further enquiries elicited the fact that a great number of wounded soldiers were expected by the next train from Himeji, on their way to the famous hot baths of Yushima, situated in the village of that name, in the county of Kinosaki, in the province of Tajima, and half a day's journey by 'ricsha from Ikuno, on a fine level road, meandering among the valleys.

And right enough within ten minutes they arrived. Poor fellows, they were badly cut up. But in no way did they seem to regret the fact. Rather they looked disappointed because the fun of licking Johnny Rusky had so soon ended for them, personally. Nor did their wounds appear to hush their native jocundity. They were full of fun. Nurses were with them; those splendid Japanese women (some of high birth), who lovingly attend the wounded soldier through his sufferings. And the elders of the place set before each man a tray of smoking victuals, with a big bowl of boiled, white rice, and tea *ad libitum*. Banners were waving and all the kids shouted *Banzai*. As in duty bound I offered my humble gift of cigarettes—that soldier's most indispensable nerve tonic—and was duly *banzaied* in return by soldiers and youngsters alike. Indeed I felt like a Carnegie. But when I quoted (duly interpreted): Claret for boys, port for men, and *saké* for heroes, they would none of it, and the regimental surgeons were down on me at once with the maxim: Wounds are cured by temperance. So I shut up and presented some more cigarettes.

They went down the lane, these brave fellows, to their final cure at the most famous baths in all Japan, which a grateful country had put at their disposal, regardless of cost. And it pleased me to see that they were all smoking.

The Railway Company is, I hear, contemplating a motor-car service on the fine level road from Nij, the present terminus, to the renowned hot baths in Yushima village. The distance is about twelve miles. The water contains chloride of sodium, carbonate of sodium, and chloride of calcium in large quantities, and besides these sulphate of potassium, bromide of sodium, salicylic acid, chloride of magnesium, phosphoric acid, and iron. They are said to be certain cures for nervous exhaustion, bronchitis, rheumatism, gout, insomnia, dyspepsia, scrofula, diseases of the liver, uterus, spinal cord, and bladder.

There are fifty inns, and telegraph and postal offices, and some fine temples in Yushima and vicinity. But above all there is the glorious sea of Japan, where the breakers roar, and surf bathing is the panacea *par excellence* for all those who come here with shattered

nerves and broken health. And there, in the grand bay of Wakasa, lies Ama-no-Hashidate, "The Bridge of Heaven," one of the "*Sankei*" or "Three Great Sights" of Japan. It is a sandy spit, two miles long and 195 feet wide, pine-clad and of surpassing beauty. The lagoon formed by this barrier is perfectly peaceful and calm, while the foam-crested waves beat upon its outer wall with reverberating thunder.



## Lake Biwa.

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The mountains around Kioto were enveloped with a mantle of snow, when I visited that place, in the last days of December of the dying old A.D. 1904. The days of sunshine and the nights of cold, crisp frost, have each their particular charms to me, so I made up my mind to dwell for a time around Lake Biwa: "The Harp," where the leaves of the maples now glisten blood-red under the snow-laden branches.

The traveller from Kobe or Kioto would do well to book for Otani station, on his way to Biwa; thence a charming road by 'ricsha takes him down the valley to the city of Otsu the starting-point of his excursions. The flourishing city is situated on the southern shore of the lake, and is the capital of the prefecture of Shiga, in the province of Omi, which contains 700,000 inhabitants, the jolliest and kindest people in all Japan. They manufacture the famous "Fish Crape" and "*habutai*" velvet, paper, Otsu-ye pictures, and mosquito-nets; the soil produces rice in abundance, tea, mushrooms, *daikon*, and tobacco, all of which are represented by finely-arranged samples in "The Shiga Prefectural Exhibition of Local Productions and Industries," which is well worthy of a visit. Here meet the three highways, famous in Japanese history: The Tokaido, Nakasendo, and Hokkoku-Kaido; here is the hill Ausaka, where Semi-maro wrote his poem of meeting and parting, quoted by every school-boy and every tiny girl in Japan:

Kore ya kono  
Yuku mo kaeru mo  
Wakarete wa  
Shiru mo shiranu mo  
Au saka no seki.



and here, above all things, is Miidera Kwannon, a Buddhist temple, situated on the mountain slope, reached after toiling up hundreds of mossy steps; supreme in its surroundings and the magnificent view of Lake Biwa and beyond. I saw from here the evening sun setting on Mount Hira, whose 3,500 feet were covered with snow, sparkling in frosty effulgence. It was a magnificent sight. The monstrous Ni-ō, the guardians of the temple, are covered with paper pellets which are chewed by every passer-by and thrown at their mighty bodies; if they stick, good luck is sure to follow the thrower.

Everything here bears evidence of Benkei, the giant monk, the bell he stole, and the enormous iron pan, in which they boiled his soup.

Thus runs the legend:

The big bell of Miidera was presented to the warrior Fujiwara Hidesato by the dragon-god, for slaying the giant centipede at Seta. One of the Kyoto frail beauties seeing this bell, and admiring its glossy surface, caressingly put her hands upon it, and looked at her beautiful self in its mirror-like disc. At once the bell began to shrink and assumed the shape of a mirror, having been polluted by the touch of her hands. A certain class of women now visit this bell during July, and put their hands upon it: but it shrinks no more. Needless to say that the bell has long since assumed its original shape and size.

Now, in the 12th century, a war raged between the priests of this monastery and those of Euryakuji on Mount Hiei, who got a monk named Benkei, a man of enormous size, to steal this bell and carry it up to their temple. Nothing loth, Benkei agreed to bring the bell, and after a period of anxious waiting, they at last met him carrying the big bell on his back. But the bell kept on pleading in soft tones: "Bring me back to Miidera." At last Benkei became tired of hearing its perpetual moaning, and angrily knocked it about. (The priest proudly points to the many dents and scratches, which verify the truth of this story). At last the priests of Miidera made a bargain with Benkei to bring back their bell, on the condition that they would supply him with as much *amé* (a kind of gruel) as he could eat. And there is the very pot, a huge iron caldron, to silence all unbelievers.

The *obelisk* in the temple grounds is called Miyuki-Yama, lit. "Hill of the Imperial Visit," on account of the formal visit to it by the present Mikado in 1879. It was erected in memory of the loyal subjects of His Majesty, who fell in the Satsuma rebellion in 1877, all belonging to the 9th regiment of Infantry, which latter is now stationed at Otsu in perpetuity. My good friend, brave Lieutenant T——, was one of the heroes badly wounded on the battlefield of Kinchou; I had the honour of meeting him in Arima, when he was in an agony of suffering; but I am glad to say that he has fully recovered his "wonted fires," and now only thirsts to shed some more of his noble blood for his country.

And here I stand, gazing at the spot where the present autocrat of all the holy Russians nearly ended his illustrious career. Had the sabre of the fanatical policeman unfortunately been effective, and prevented the Imperial traveller from running away, perhaps—who can say?—the lives of a hundred thousand brave men would not have been sacrificed in an unjust and cruel war.

The policeman, who attempted the act, or the two 'ricshamen who prevented its being consummated—who of these are now deserving the best thanks of Japanese parents, orphans, and widows? He or they?

Gichuji, or Yoshinaka's Temple, is mostly venerated in memory of the great poet Basho, who lived here in retirement; the tomb and monument of the Genji warrior Minamoto Yoshinaka are situated in a lovely little grove, where the azaleas bloom in summer, and the pines sigh under the winter's snow. The Shinto shrines at Tenson Iinsha; the Buddhist temple Taka-Kwannon; the park of Nagara with its charming shrines and magnificent views over Biwa Karasaki, Katata, and with avenues of cherry-trees; Kondo, with its famous well; Yemman-In, formerly the residence of Imperial abbots, with great stores of priceless collections of antiquities and art treasures; the tomb of the Emperor Kobun (A.D. 672); the monolith of the old Imperial palace of Otsu, occupied by Tenchi Tennō in A.D. 667; all these and many others are here to see and to admire. The Biwa Canal, designed and completed by a young student of the Tokio university, and one of the greatest and most useful undertak-

ings in Japan, which connects Biwa with Kioto, starts its course at this place, whence it flows through sluices and tunnels to its terminus at the river Kamagawa, a distance of  $6\frac{7}{8}$  miles.

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower."

*Seta-no-Karahashi!* The Bridge of Seta!

I stood there and saw the sun sinking slowly behind the snow-clad mountains. And the full moon rose in silvery sheen, casting its rays over Ishiyama, the stone mountain. In that temple amongst the pines, was written, a thousand years ago, by the Sappho of Japan, Murasaki Shikibu, the "Genji Monogatari," the classic of classics. In the moon-gazing harbour—"Tsukimi-no-chin"—I did knightly reverence to the wonders of nature. It seemed to me that the chants of the old legend floated towards me and that I saw the ghostly forms of the old warriors over the moon-lit waters. When Hidesato crossed this bridge, in the 10th century, he walked over the body of an immense serpent, lying upon it. At the first touch of the fearless knight the monster shrunk into a dwarf, and spoke thus: "I am the dragon-god, and I live at the bottom of Biwa. My bitterest enemy lives on the mountain Mikami; he is a huge centipede, whose body winds seven times and a-half around the mountain's base. He has devoured several members of my family. Help me, I beseech you." Nothing loth, Hidesato followed the dragon-god to his place at the bottom of the lake, where he found splendour and beauty, never before seen by mortal eyes. All at once thunder and storm announced the approach of the enemy. The doughty warrior raised his bow and shot an arrow through the monster's head, which killed it instantly. Hence great joy in the realms of the dragon-god, who rewarded Hidesato right royally.

The grounds of Miidera remind me of Nikko. Here are the same avenues of ancient cryptomeria, shady, solemn with the knowledge of ages; stone-lanterns, lichen-covered, the gifts to the temple from famous men, whose dust reposes under the ferns.



G. I. MURRAY



Comfortable steamers take the traveller from their wharves at Otsu, situated at the Konyagaseki Railway Station, to all parts of Lake Biwa. Southward to Awazugahara, where was fought the great battle by Minamoto Yoshinaka in A.D. 1184; to Yabase, Seta, and Ishiyama. Northward: the giant pine of Karasaki, planted by the Daimiō Shinjo Surugano Kami in 1581; its height is 42 feet; the circumference of the trunk 25 feet; the foliage and branches cover an area of nearly one acre. Cavities in the trunk are filled with plaster and a part of the top branches are covered by a small roof. The entire space,—also containing a small *shinto* shrine—is enclosed by an ancient stone-wall, and the larger branches are supported by strong poles. It is supposed to be the largest tree on earth. The steamer, after a run of four hours (starting from Otsu at 9 a.m.), stops in mid-lake at the charming little island called Chikubushima, where the lake is at its widest. The scenery is one of perfect beauty; Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples nestle among the tall bamboos; thousands of birds, herons, pigeons, cormorants, and others, are swarming over the trees in perfect immunity, the priests here allowing no taking of life.

The city of Hikone is celebrated for the lovely gardens called Raku-raku yen. It contains the Castle of Ji Kamon-no-Kami, a Regent of Japan, known for his sagacity and inclination towards foreign intercourse, who was murdered in Tokio on the 24th March, 1860, by the retainers of the Prince of Mito. The castle stands on Kinki Hill and was presented by Jeyasu to the Ji family, which occupied the same for thirteen generations until the restoration of the present Mikado. The most famous of this family, Naosuke, held the office of *Tairo* or Prime Minister under two Shoguns. As stated above, he used all his powers of eloquence to persuade his colleagues to open Japan to foreign civilisation, and was consequently assassinated at the Sakurado gate in Tokio by seventeen *samurai* of Mito. Now his memory is worshipped by all. This castle shares the honour with the many manors in England, where, as the present owners proudly exclaim: "Queen Elizabeth slept here one night!" inasmuch as that the present Mikado slept here one night, and stopped by Imperial command the further destruction of the old edifice.

At Nyū, a short distance from Hikōné, there has been established by the Government a large place for fish-breeding, where salmon and other fish are reared according to Western methods. Nagahama is a city at the uppermost point of the lake, which is known for its silk and velvet manufactories. The great Hachiman temple holds its festival once a year, when twelve large cars, containing musicians, are drawn through the streets by the populace. From Hikōné the steamers took me to all the pretty islands in the lake: Chikubu, Take, Okino, Isaki and Chomeiji, and on my return I spent a day of pleasure wandering around the splendid gardens of the hotel,—the Raku-raku yen, which were laid out and formerly occupied by the Ii family. The views from here are truly magnificent, and in summer time the gardens abound with azaleas, iris, wisteria, and lotus-flowers.

And now I have a confession to make, and an illusion to remove, namely: On former occasions, when writing about my travels in Japan, I have mentioned the "yellow peril," and have energetically denied its existence. Alas! *humanum est errare*!—I have *erred*. The thing really is; it has come across my destiny. I have seen it, felt it, and I—have succumbed to it. Listen and tremble:

#### MY YELLOW PERIL.

I know a Peril which I love full well,  
It's yellow as the primrose in the dell,  
With night-black tresses,  
It casts on me its ever-charming spell,  
But that it loves me it will never tell,  
Spite my caresses.

Her name is Little Momo Taro san,  
She lives in Number fourteen, Wakaran,  
Nichomé,  
Nagasaki.

#### 2

A yellow tea-rose, golden as the moon;  
A bud, dew-laden, one, whose petals so on  
Will sweetly venture,  
To open in their fragrance, as a boon,  
To wring from me her abject slave and spoon,  
My life's debenture.

Her name is little Momo Taro San, etc., etc.

## 3

I love my Yellow Peril as a Star,  
Which beckons to my passions from afar ;  
I love her dearly.  
I'd spend my fortune, all my stock at par,  
To kiss and crush this lithesome golden bar,  
Or—very nearly.

Her name is little Momo Taro San, etc., etc., etc.

## 4

Yon lilies of the valley, white as snow,  
Can only give me now an after-glow,  
Since I have seen,  
Encompassed with her thousand winning wiles,  
Her tender longings, and her sunny smiles,  
My Fairy-Queen.

Her name is Little Momo Taro San.

She lives in Number fourteen, Wakaran.

Nichomé,

Nagasaki.

GEORGE T. MURRAY.

Lake Biwa was formed in the night of the winter season, B.C. 251, and in the same night the mountain Fujiyama arose from nothingness, thus equalising the forces of nature ; so says the legend. It has the shape of a harp : Biwa. It is 38 miles long, and its greatest breadth—up north—is 13 miles. It is of surpassing beauty, and contains the eight famous views, called by the Japanese "Omi-Hakkei." These are :

- 1.—The autumn moon from Ishiyama.
- 2.—The evening glow at Seta.
- 3.—The clear sky breeze at Awazu.
- 4.—Boats returning from Yabase,
- 5.—The sound of the evening bell at Miidera.
- 6.—Rain by night at Karasaki.
- 7.—Evening snow on Mount Hira.
- 8.—Wild geese alighting at Katata.

In all these, poesy is combined with the Japanese dream-mind; romantic imagination sees wonders in the simplest of God's creations. Charming illusions : Angels' voices in the sound of the evening bell at Miidera !.....Oh, Biwa ! on thy placid bosom I



lay the turbulent pulses of my soul ! Receive them as sops to Cerberus, and grant me Rest ! Beautiful Biwa !

From Hikoné the railway takes you direct to Kioto or Tokio, as you please.



## Ganjitsu—A Happy New Year.

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On New Year's Eve sails into the harbour of every Japanese home, the treasure ship, *Takara-bune*. The august passengers on board are the seven gods of luck, of which Fukurokuju with the long head is the primate. In the holds of this vessel are stored the *takara-mono*, the treasures which the gods bestow upon deserving mortals: the inexhaustible purse, the clove, the precious jewel, the lucky raincoat, the weight, the coin, the hat of invisibility, and the sacred key. Youngsters place the picture of this heavenly messenger under their pillows, and dream of love, happiness, honour, and wealth. It is the Japanese Santa Claus, clad in poetry.

"The beginning of things" takes place on the 13th of December of the old year, when a stew called *o-koto-yiru* is eaten. The jocund housewives, assisted by their charming daughters and servants, now begin making *mochi*, a paste made from rice flour; pounded in a mortar and made into dough cut or formed into small cakes, and then dried in the open air until a crust forms on its surface. When toasted and sprinkled with powdered sugar, it is very good eating. *Shirosaki* and *mirin*, beverages made of rice, are now brewed; these are sweet wines, that taste well to any palate, except perhaps a chronic gin-drinker's. The servants arise in the early morning with anticipations of the coming events; for this is the day on which the master distributes his bounty to his household in the shape of clothes, ornaments, and money, which are presented with graceful kindness, and received with charming gratitude.

In the early hours of the new year's morning, the Japanese geishas, dressed in their most gorgeous robes, painted, powdered, and new-bathed, visit certain temples, where they kneel in worship

before their own particular goddesses, praying for additional charms to themselves and their lutes.

When the blood-red sun rises in the morning, on the first of January, and during the two following days—called by the Japanese *san-ga-nichi*,—the national emblem is unfolded in the land of the Rising Sun, and pandemonium reigns. Right royally do these children of the Orient keep their holidays. All their houses are opened wide for the friend and the wayfarer, and *saké* flows like a river. During the night nobody sleeps behind the decorated doors and gates, where straw ropes hang across the entrances, decorated with fern leaves, cray fish, oranges, seaweed, pine-branches, and dried persimmons. Everything and everybody swims in a deep ruby-red harmony; in fact the country is painted thus with several coatings, well-laid on. In the private chamber are worshipped the spirits of the ancestors, reverently, the smallest mite of the family participating. Games of cards, either *hana-garuta* (flower-cards), or the “Hundred Poets” are played, verses are composed, story-tellers are chanting ancient ballads, and joy reigns.

And in the morning you will receive your New Year's cards from your Japanese friends,—many, many I had, and I say it proudly. Something like this:

“Vouchsafe honourably to accept my humble congratulations on your august robustness. Deign to continue during the new year your noble condescension to the contemptible imbecile, who craves your august pardon for the unspeakable effrontery of venturing to address honourable you. Again, pardon the selfishness of selfish me. Your youngest brother.”

One I had, written in English, I give verbatim: “Dear Sir: Yesterday I have return my regiment by safety. I was very glad to see your answer letter and I kissed your card. *Banzai!* our friend's victory! I am very sorry that I can't see your finest home at every day: I wish you won't forget while long years to me. Indeed! I will not do so for certainly! How have you arrived your house with very safes? Many thanks, many thanks. I am very happier! I think so, for I have a finest and sweet and mildest and dearer friend as you!!! S——.”

The Japanese are the most self-abnegating people on earth: the word I (*watakushi*) means "selfishness."

And now the calling begins. In frockcoats and tall hats (with a pretty geisha in the brougham); in nondescript mixtures of East and West; in Norfolk jackets and knickerbockers, and in the best of all, in *hakama* and *haori*, crested in five places, the Japanese dress of ceremony, than which there is nothing more beautiful and becoming. It is the dress of a gentleman, incomparably more elegant than anything we possess in the art of dressing. It is the idea of a poet, produced by an artist. And, as natural as icy glaciers on the wintry Alps, so there lie within the folds of these silken skirts, perfect manners, gentle courtesy, charming discretion, a brave heart, and a wealth of grace. Be they descendants of daimios; be they noble; be they rich or poor; bankers, officials, barbers, or *kurumaya san*; alike they present the old feudal motto *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. This is their battle-cry:

#### JAPAN'S BATTLE CRY.

##### I

He—first—stands on the rampart's gory crest,  
Dying—a Russian bullet in his breast;  
There does he fall.

But in the moment of his deadly throe  
He hurls his weapon at the flinching foe,  
Defies them all.

*Banzai?*

##### 2

He—dead—lies there, his duty fully done,  
A silent witness of the fortress won.

The bugle's call  
Proclaims his country's vict'ry, while his blood  
Flows o'er the mossy breastwork, where he stood  
Against them all.

*Banzai??*

##### 3

She—ah, the wondrous, truthful tale of old  
Comes sadder every time its truth is told;

"In hut and hall  
"Men die and women weep."—She, too, has lost  
Her husband, brothers—to that gruesome post  
She gave them all.

*Banzai?*

## 4

But one !—A tiny, pretty little mite,  
 Who'll soon, brought up at his ancestral site,  
 Grow strong and tall :  
 One, whom her mother-heart perchance would train  
 To venerate her own beloved slain  
 Above them all

*Banzai ? ?*

## 5

Alert ! triumphant ! on the foremost peak  
 Of beauteous Fujiyama's snow-clad streak,  
 'Gainst storm and squall :  
 There Nippon, emblem of the Rising Sun,  
 Completes her destiny, so well begun,  
 Commanding all,

*Banzai ?*

Ten thousand graves : one monument,  
 One battle-cry :

*Banzai ? ?*

Such is the greeting : "A Happy New Year." Each caller brings with him a present : something good to eat ; something good to see ; something precious, beautiful, for loving remembrance, or symbolic of their wishes for your welfare. These gifts are artistically wrapped in glossy paper, tied with a lover's-knot, and ornamented with a small kite and a tiny shred of prepared seaweed, symbols of long life and happiness. As for the eatables presented, these are "passed along." A gives to B a basket of eggs ; B hands them over to C, when making his "stupid" call on the latter ; C supplies D, and so on through the alphabet, until these much-travelled eggs again return to the bosom of A, by which time they have become rather "chicky." This sun during this festive season never rises high enough to distinguish between the white and the black sheep ; and sins, transgressions, bitter memories, and glass-house reputations are washed away—in Nihon *saké*. Those foreigners with remnants of souls, during these days of temptations, fall back upon the grand scenery ; those whom long stay and moral weaknesses have familiarised with a tea-house, fall back upon the *tatami* ! So *desu ka* ? Forty long years ago the Japanese took violent fancy to Berkshire pigs, and what specially tickled them were the little

curly tails of these brutes. Rabbits, with their long ears and red eyes, also pleased them mightily. A pair of pigs, or a pair of rabbits fetched in Yokohama from *Yen* 60 to 100, and they make fine New Year's presents. The government got tired of this little play, and promptly imposed a tax of two *yen* per pig and/or rabbit monthly, which stopped the trade in a remarkably short time, to the great sorrow of the foreign importers. Now they have many pigs, and the hills swarm with rabbits, but they have no mutton,—at least, I mean to say, they have no sheep. Deer they have—darlings; but dear they are to purchase. Wild boars grunt around Ikuno, and foxes at times enter the bowels of man; one cannot call these places “oxless isles,” but beef is now imported from Shanghai.

Just before the arrival of 1905 I had the great pleasure of greeting Admiral Togo who, accompanied by Admiral Kamimura, spent about thirty minutes in Kobe. The old hero looked in fine trim, and his appearance was like an old British sea-lion, with his grizzly mane and sturdy figure. He was ordered to his master in Tokio, and was there loaded with honours, which he so well deserved. And to crown all, on the glorious New Year's day of this year, did General Stössel surrender into the hands of the victorious Japanese army the fortress of “Port Arthur.” This put the climax on the enthusiasm; the people were simply mad with joy! Mind, there was no “We've got the men, we've got the fleet, we've got the money too.” That kind of thing does not flourish in Japan. The Empress Jingo died a thousand years ago. But now on my daily rambles, I see trains passing with 30,000 Russian prisoners; and I hear the Japanese people giving hearty *banzais* to these unfortunates, as an acknowledgment of their bravery in defending the “stronghold.” That is the *bushido*.

On New Year's day the Emperor of Japan receives his relations, his high officers, and the diplomatic corps, at his palace in Tokio. On the second and third days the princes, high officials, and financial magnates in their turn are at home to callers. These receptions are very formal, and people look upon them as a duty to be performed. Fashionable foreign Society, and those of the Japanese nobility and gentry, who are *chic*, and who have wandered

through Europe and America, have little picnics of their own, where *Veuve Cliquot* reigns, and *paté de foie gras* is appreciated. Here the *beau monde* of the West blends charmingly with the children of the Orient ; prudery is boycotted, and good fellowship sometimes ends in inter-marriage.

On the fourth day everybody visits everybody else. The lord visits his retainer, and the loyal dependent calls on his superior. There are no class distinctions in Japan, nor does the man of wealth presume to send forth the rays of his shekels. He enjoys what he has got, and gives much of his abundance to those "who have not." *Saké*, furthermore, puts everybody on the same footing—or rather matting ! Life is but a short blast on a noisy horn, and these people have all the fun they can get out of it ; therefore swelled heads are here at a minimum. *Namu amida butsu !* but the "Light of Asia" is shining brightly during these fifteen new days ! Nemesis follows in their wake, and some of the elder patriots turn *inkiyo*, which means "retired," after the holidays. In olden times the glorious old shoguns and daimos spent their days in feasting at the pavilions specially built for the famous classic *cha no yu*, i.e., tea-ceremony, which usually ended in the most extraordinary mixture of geisha, *saké*, and nervousness. Alas ! these brave old warriors knew not champagne, cognac, port, claret, and chartreuse ! Had they known these things, history would perhaps have been written differently.

People here ask : Why did not the Kaiser give a decoration to Togo, as well as to Stössel and Nogi ? Answer : Because there was no "standoff" in that case ! No pair ! Except Alexeieff !

It must be remembered that Japan has no less than three different New Years. In 1870 the Government issued its ukase that now and henceforth the first of January was to be treated as the first day of the New Year. The people augustly agreed honourably to obey. They said : *Kakko, gochiso sama, gomen nazai, taihen uroshi !* But they had something up their sleeves, which, when it came out, said : Rats. They now keep the official days, have another mighty blow-out on the first of February, and finish up in grand style by the ancient Chinese calendar, which comes according to the moon. And whereas the country people visit their city

friends during the first fifteen days of January, so the city-mice return their compliments to the country-mice on the other two occasions, and thereby, you see, hangs a tale. And to make matters short, as the festive season is now ended, and all the damage has been repaired, I beg to make my bow and say, with an humble spirit: *O medeto!*





## From Kobe to Nagasaki by the Sanjo and Kyushu Railways.

SHIMONOSEKI AND MOJI, OKAYAMA, HIROSHIMA AND MIYAJIMA.

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Some years ago I read Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème." and I confess with shame and anger, that I then failed to find therein the utter want of truth which I now see in a book, written for notoriety, and based on prejudice. It gave me a dislike of Nagasaki and a bitter taste in the mouth of all "Japoneries." There is not one word of truth in it, and it is artificial from beginning to end. It is a lampoon, directed from a low-class tea-house, caricaturing men and women who had been known to M. Loti during a five minutes' delirium; who were above him in everything, as the stars are above the mountains. It is a view from the *hatoba*. And as regards the heroine, Brother Yves, M. Kangomou, the depraved *mousmés* of twelve to fifteen years of age, the "immensely tall friend" (Komodachi, *sic*) M. Sucre, and Madame Prune, and many others, I am inclined to believe that these personages existed only in the poetic imagination of the talented author.

But enough; let us depart from Madame La Duchesse De Richelieu.

The night express leaves Kobe Station at 11.30 p.m. for Nagasaki. It arrives at Shimonoseki at 7 p.m. on the following day. People going through should rest at the Sanjo Hotel, where a comfortable room and a good dinner can be obtained, until 10 p.m. when the ferry takes them across the straits to Moji in twelve minutes. The train for Nagasaki direct leaves Moji station at 11.20 p.m., and arrives at its destination at 8 o'clock the next morning. Between Kobe and Shimonoseki the express carries dining and sleeping cars; between Moji and Nagasaki the passengers

have to be contented with a soft seat and a box of *bento*, cold boiled rice and fish, etc. But *shikato ga nai*, if you can manage a sleep during the night, you will be just in time for a bath and a solid breakfast, when you arrive at the birthplace of "Madame Chrysanthème." The new railway station is now close to Oura, the foreign Settlement.

The so-called semi-foreign hotel at Moji (*vide* Murray's Guide Book) is a delusion and a snare. A through ticket from Kobe to Nagasaki, first-class, is good for five days, so the journey can be broken whenever the traveller in search of the beautiful desires.

Let us start with Okayama. One of the advantages of leaving Kobe by the midnight express is, that on emerging from your sleeper in the morning, you are just entering upon the finest bits of scenery on the road. The gardens of Okayama—Koraku-en—are famous through all Japan for their classic beauty. Here are the old pleasure grounds of the proud daimios, with mighty goldfish in lotus-ponds; maples, cherries, plums, wisterias, feathery bamboos; cranes, old as the patriarchs; pavilions with snowy *tatami* and enticing serving-maids; hills like the coal-mount in Peking; and manifold other charming attractions to hold the tourist in admiring bondage during an entire day. Bridges, rustic and with sweet-smelling herbs, ferns and grasses, span the lakes; splendid camphor-trees wave their branches, laden with myriads of pretty singing-birds, and all nature proclaims that here is a place to rest and to admire.

The Okayama Orphanage, managed and assisted by the American mission, is the largest in Japan. They are learning here how to become good men, women, and citizens, and some of the boys are now holding good positions; one is a farmer on a large scale in Canada. They print and bind books; they work at every kind of handicraft; the girls make their own dresses, and above all they have schools of their own, where they are taught to become Christians and useful members of society. Dr. Petrie and his wife are the leading spirits of this great institute, that is to say, under the supervision of the Japanese President, and they are most grateful to anyone who will condescend honourably to contribute to the support of the little mites.

Hiroshima, noted for its beautiful women, is the capital of the province of Aki, and is situated at the mouth of the river Otagawa.

The notorious Taira and Asano families were the rulers of this province until the restoration of the Mikado in 1868, and everywhere are still seen the two crossed hawk's feathers, the crest of the Asano daimios. The castle was destroyed during the civil wars, but the present Mikado occupied a building in the grounds during the war with China in 1895. There is here a splendid park, with temples and shrines of the ancient Tairas and Asanos, and the Inland Sea is around every curve and pretty island enchanting the eye and murmuring over the white pebbles on the shores. And, oh, the memory of Hiroshima oysters *au naturel*! The choicest titbits for an *epicure*! *Ave, Cæsar.* . . . !

Salt pans abound in this district, and large fields of rushes, used in the making of the *tatami*, are waving in the fresh breezes.

Miyajima or Itsukushima, the sacred island, and one of the San-kei (the three famous sights), is the island of the gods, which lies on the bosom of the Inland Sea, a few miles from Hiroshima. Here the pilgrim must halt and do reverence. Not only worship his gods and the spirits of his ancestors, but nature, which here has cast her charms over sea, mountain, dale, glade, and forest. This is the queen of all. Here their ancient love-tales are recorded in poetry, one of which I have dared to translate.

#### SPEAK NOT THE WORD:

##### 1

Speak not the word that would for ever part us two,  
But yield to me that tender little heart of you.  
Then whisper in my ear thy shy consent to be,  
And seal my lips in that embarrassment of me.

##### 2

Tell me in language mute what potent charms of you  
Caus'd me to fall asleep in those white arms—  
We two :—  
What magic spell these slender limbs possess  
On me,  
To own, to love, to cherish, to caress  
But thee !

##### 3

Deign to resign those graces to my care, and be  
What all the pulses of my heart declare to me.  
Teach me to lend, to borrow, take, to give to do,  
And grant me, till my life's sun sets, to live in you.

This was in the olden times of Miyajima, when love and chivalry went hand in hand, and the bravest possessed the fairest. Joyfully the hero staked his life for "Japan, Home, and Beauty" as he does to-day against a Power who dared to declare herself his superior. As he destroyed Kublai Khan and his mighty forces, so he will deal with the sulky Muscovite : *à la mort*, and God help the best !

On the sacred island of Miyajima there are no births and no deaths ; a woman approaching her "time" is speedily sent to the mainland, where she remains for thirty days, and is purified with mystic rites before she is allowed to return. So also people *in extremis* are removed, if in any way possible, so that death may have no record on that holy soil. There is no agriculture on the island, and dogs are prohibited. In these silent valleys the shadow of the sublime lies with tender care upon the breast of nature ; unsurpassed in beauty is this lovely island. The stately deer browse on the rich pastures and live their nomadic life without the fear of men ; birds abound, and the Japanese nightingale thrills her devotion in the stillness of the night. Here the gods dwell and enjoy the homage of the children of earth. The sonorous tones of the evening bells in the temples throw their echoes over the mountains and valleys, inviting rest, devotion, and silent worship. All is peace.

Hither flock the pilgrims without number, the tender melancholy of their hearts filled with poetic reverence, trusting in God's mercy and man's forbearance. Here can be found many soldiers, young and old, kneeling at the shrines in humble prayers before rushing to their deaths in frosty Manchuria. As a gnat on the leg of an elephant sees but an infinite small part of that member, and never dreams of the enormous size of the animal in its entirety, so do we poor mortals wonder blindly, in ignorance of the mighty forces beyond our idiosyncrasy. Alas ! how few of these brave hearts will ever again meet their parents, sisters, friends, and sweethearts ! As it is ordained, so it will be. *Kismet ?*

The Japanese are believers in omens, like the ancient Greeks and Romans. When they go to battle, they prepare for any kind of emergency. When they launch a vessel, they do not adopt our ridiculous custom of breaking a bottle of cheap champagne, but they place a pretty basket, containing wild doves, at the bow, and when

the great ship strikes the water, these swift messengers are liberated. How charming!

There are comfortable inns in the village here, where a tourist may well put up for a week or two, and where he even may obtain splendid fish, cooked in any fashion, beefsteak, omelettes, and chicken with salad.

The *torii* of the grand temple, rebuilt and occupied in times of old by the grim conqueror of Corea, Hideyoshi, stands in the blue sea, and so do the foundations of the entire edifice, which contains the sacred fire, and a great many famous paintings, antiquities, and other curiosities. It is dedicated to a famous Shinto goddess, named Susa-no-o, who was the mother of three goddesses, all sacred beyond conception. With the exception of the shrines of Ise, there is nothing more holy, more sacred, more beautiful, in the eyes of the Japanese than Miyajima, the island of the gods.

Sad is the hour of departure, and long will it be before I forget the beauties of the blue sea and the lovely green of the valleys of this Island of Eden.





STREET OF THE YOSHIWARRA, TOKIO.



## Kumamoto & the Volcano Aso San. Fakata, Takeo, Nagasaki, and—Adieu.

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The journey by rail from Nagasaki to Kumamoto is as ridiculous as it is interesting. Imagine a city, lying nearly opposite to your starting-point, and which could be reached by steamer in four hours, being at last approached after a hard run of eleven hours on the Kiushu Railway, through the provinces of Hizen, Chikugo, and Higo, changing cars at Tosu station. The reason of this long *détour* is the dirt, unpunctuality, discomfort, and even danger of a voyage by the small steamers running to Misumi, a port opposite to Nagasaki. People prefer a loss of time to a possible loss of life, and a certain loss of temper. Besides, the journey along Omura Bay and further on is one vista of beauty, so time flies; and you are there before you know it.

I therefore left from the new station, which is situated close to the foreign quarter and steamer anchorage, at eight o'clock in the morning, on a lovely spring day, changed cars at Tosu at 2 p.m., and arrived at Kumamoto at the hour of six. The hotel there, Togi-ya Shiten, is described in the guide-books as "semi-foreign." Now this is a false and cruel joke on all hotels of that class. It is neither one nor the other, and extremely dirty to boot. On my arrival I noticed several hundreds of pairs of boots in the entrance-hall. They were of all sizes and shapes: from the stately, spurred boots of the light cavalry, and the heavier dittos of the dragoons, they descended the scales to the broad, clumsy, hobnailed flappers of the privates, belonging to the marching regiments of His Japanese Majesty. And I smelled the smell of many soldiers, brave, but perspiring. This forebode nothing good to my anticipations of repose and comfort. And true enough, my fears were fully realised. The so-called "foreign" department of this inn was in a state of antediluvian dirt. At every Japanese hotel



the public hot bath is ready for every guest at 4 p.m. First come, first served. The water holds good until the last patron arises. It is never changed. When I arrived, the higher grade officers, generals, colonels, and captains, had already performed their ablutions, and were retiring to make room for the junior branches. The polite landlord offered his bath—that is to say this bath—for my use, which offer I respectfully declined. When the lieutenants had finished, the bath would naturally be given to the non-coms. and privates, who, in turn, would make room for the civilians and hotel servants. The last to partake of this beef-tea are the unfortunate maidservants, who often go longing for a plunge in its oleaginous depths until 2 o'clock in the morning. As it is here, so it is in every hotel in Japan: the bath is ready at four, open to every guest, and the water is never changed. It must, however, be admitted, that the Japanese men and women never use soap in this water; indeed, before entering the reservoir they thoroughly cleanse their bodies with soap and hot water, contained in small wooden tubs standing on the nicely-tiled floor. The bath proper is used solely for submerging the body therein, and the charcoal in the furnace keeps the water hot for any length of time.

When the Japanese authorities, in a mistaken sense of duty to public morals, peremptorily prohibited promiscuous bathing of the sexes, the people derisively stretched a rope across the centre of the room, saying "*So desuka.*" Sometimes this rope becomes old and breaks, when the people say: "*Shikata ga nai.*"

The next morning early I shook myself loose from all the evil influences of bed and board, and, bringing the sunshine with me, took a walk to the lovely park called Suizenji, the pleasure grounds of the Hosakawa family, the former feudal lords and daimios of Higo province. The old gentleman who now holds the estate lives in Kumomoto, and is as genial a specimen of an old grandee as any I ever met, whereas his son and heir is a leader of the *beau monde* in Tokio. The house was founded under Jemitsu, the Shōgun of the Tokogawa dynasty, about 280 years ago, and the palace destroyed in 1877 by the forces of the rebels. Nearly all the pavilions were burnt but there still exists a beautiful little villa, where in the olden times the classic *No* dances were performed. It is standing on the lake, with the wisterias in full bloom hanging over its sloping side;

the stage is there, and some fine paintings on the panels denote its former splendour. The crest of the Hosakawas, nine stars (Kayaa) is everywhere; the noble old house has glorified it in many brave deeds and with loyal devotion. From out of a cavern there rushes a mighty spring which forms a charming serpentine-shaped lake of running water, containing myriads of carp, swimming ever against the stream. Artificial hills, grass-coated, surround one from all sides; villas with refreshments served by little *musmés* abound under shady camphor-trees, where the wisteria climbs and droops, and irises wave their blue blossoms between the reeds and the rushes. And behind all this beauty there lies the charm of antiquity, ever reminding the stranger loitering here of the grandeur of the folk of old, great men, heroes in war, Solomons in wisdom, Bayards in chivalry. These moss-grown walls, those mounds and rocks, crave from my soul a tribute of veneration such as leaves a melancholy impression of my own utter worthlessness. There is melancholy in everything that is beautiful. Thoughts flashed across my mind of what this poor atom might have done and achieved, if, during my salad days, the waves had wafted me across to these islands of Nippon instead of landing me on a barren shore where my life was blasted and my aspiration turned to Dead Sea apples. Who knows?

The old castle, built in the sixteenth century by Kato Kiyomasa, the fierce Christian-hater and famous general of Hideyoshi, is now a mere ruin, only one building on the ramparts now remaining. But enormous walls, the moats, the grand old trees, are still there, and the very air seems charged with the spirits of the famous legions who once held their sway up there. Lieutenant Ito, on the staff of the 6th division, very kindly did me the honour of showing me around the castle and its enormous grounds, covering not less than 5,000 metres. He spoke French with ease and fluency, and was a *bon garçon* in every sense of the word. Before making his *congé* he led myself and Japanese friends to a splendid large reception-room in the new building erected by the Imperial War Department on a charming hill where old Kato had his own quarters in ancient times, and there served us with refreshments in the most hospitable manner. A perfect type of the Japanese soldier and

gentleman, well-bred, courteous, *debonair*, yet wary as an eagle at his appointed task. A model to others. Here and in the park were soldiers by the thousands, young fellows of eighteen or so, strong and hardy. They were being drilled hard at all kinds of warfare, and what struck me most were their attacks on the wire entanglements on the hills. A shout of *Banzai*, a short struggle, and they were up and through. There is a businesslike look about these young fellows, which tells me that there is a long cry yet before they will desire peace. As the Americans are said to aspire to a battleship for each State, and a cruiser for every big city, so will the Japanese demand a mile of land for every soldier killed, and one pound of flesh for every drop of blood shed by their sons. As seven-tenths of these islands are mountains, they have only three-tenths left for cultivation, and that is not sufficient to maintain forty-eight millions of people. A continent they must have, and they are getting nearer to it every day.

On the road to the park, about a mile from the city, there has been built a large and comfortable villa for the Russian officers, who had the misfortune to be taken prisoners. About twenty of these gentlemen now enjoy their leisure hours in this pleasant retreat, where there is a beautifully laid-out garden. They are really doing Japan for nothing. All possible comfort is bestowed upon them by their generous captors, and were I to mention certain particulars, I would not be believed. Here have also been built fine wooden barracks, now containing about three thousand prisoners of war, who are growing fat on Japanese beef, which sells in the cities at forty sen per pound. The fleshpots of Egypt and the happy hunting-grounds on the prairies were not more generous in supply than are these kind-hearted islanders to their prisoners. There seems to be a mutual liking between these two races; certain it is, that the Russian soldier (who, take him all in all, is a good fellow), hates to fight the Japanese, whom he admires for their bravery and friendliness. He would much rather fight the Turk. What a strange and curious war is this. The prisoners, the warships, the guns, the victories, are all on one side—and that is this side—the right side.

A long, but very pleasant, 'ricsha-ride takes you to the foot of Aso San, the ever-awake. This volcano has two craters: the larger

is called Furumükae, and the smaller Mükæ. Huge volumes of black smoke are ascending to the clouds in a wild, stormy whirl, giving evidence of the gigantic forces at work beneath its surface. The height is reckoned at 5,577 Japanese feet. From October to March this mountain is covered with snow, which glistens white under the black smoke from the craters. As Mark Twain—illustrious example—did with Mount Blanc, so did I with Aso San. From the base I climbed the rocks and jumped the crevices; countless narrow escapes from instant destruction I met without fear; clouds enveloped me to suffocation, and all by—telescope “from a long way off.”

The Buddhist temple of the Nichiren sect, called Hommyoji, is famous for its cure of *kitsune-tsuki*, which means persons in demoniacal possession of foxes, which means again persons in whose interior demon foxes have taken abode. Loudly do they shout in full chorus the prayer *Namu Myoho Renge Kyo* which is much too strong for any demon and makes him instanter vacate the premises.

Kumamoto is a pretty place, with wide streets shaded by avenues of fine trees, and the isolated quarter where the *beppin san* reside à la Tokio, is particularly well laid out.

Hakata, a seaport in the province of Chikuzen, is reached by rail from Kumamoto in four hours, through a beautiful, rich country, diversified by scenes of mountains, valleys, and rivers. It is the richest rice-producing tract in Japan, and the terraced hills yield crops in abundance to their very tops. At the other side of the river Nakagawa is the city of Fukuoka, the former dwelling of the *samurai* class and the seat of the Kuroda family. The castle is a perfect ruin, but the enormous extent of the grounds gives one an idea of what it was in times of old. The view from the park, embracing the harbour and sea, is enchanting. Hakata is a large city with a big trade; steamers ply direct between here and Osaka, Nagasaki, Moji, and Corea, and fleets of swift sailing craft crowd the splendid harbour. This is the place of glorious memory where the brave Hojo Tokimune defeated the fleet of Kublai Khan, who had sent envoys to him with a contemptuous order to surrender. These he slew, and the fleet he

destroyed, and Japan has never been invaded since. Here is the statue of the old hero, who defied the greatest tyrant and land-grabber of his time; from Valhalla he must be looking down with a grim smile of content upon the fine valour of his descendants, who are driving the Bear back to Moscow.

In a former chapter I begged to state that Hiroshima was famous for its beautiful women. This assertion I now withdraw. Hakata is the place. Here are seen the loveliest women on earth: *houris*, with perfect faces and charming coquetry. Dressed in their own *Hakataori* silks over their inner scarlet silken chemisettes, they are simply irresistible. I had the great pleasure of witnessing a performance at the principal theatre, given for the benefit of soldiers and sailors at the front. The entire geisha and *maiko* corps volunteered their services. The scenery was superb, and the dancing fine. Doors opened at 1 p.m., and our party was sorry to leave at 11 o'clock when the *pièce de résistance* the "Tzikush Odori" ended under loud *Banzais*. We had dinner in our box, and were visited in turn by about a hundred maidens, who partook of our honourable Nihon-sakhé, and smoked their tiny cigarettes before their final bow and *O yasumi*. Children of a day, bewitching, bold, yet shy, butterflies, but—ladies, upon honour, with manners perfect and tact unsurpassed.

We were taken to the Matsushimaya hotel, and felt ourselves at once at home. A finer, cleaner, better Japanese hotel there is not in Nippon. A splendid room with snowy *tatami* and silken cushions, rare *kakemonos*, a spray of flowering plants in an ancient vase, a fine specimen of the world-famous Takatori *faience*, made here; gilded sliding-screens, and many other articles de luxe to charm the eye and the senses. In one part of this large room a Brussels carpet had been spread over the *tatami*, and on this had been placed a pretty table covered with a silken cloth, and three velvet armchairs. The sacred *hibachi* with its glowing charcoal was on the table, in readiness for the august guest. The little *nesans* are on their knees and faces to welcome the stranger, whose first command is: "*Furo, dozo*"—"Bath, please." Now off with those light foreign clothes and into a crisp, clean cotton *yukata*, which the hotel supplies to its patrons. There, on the lower floor,

is the fine large bath-room with dressing-room attached. The big tank is filled with hot salt water, fresh from the sea. Like tritons we plunge in its briny deeps, arise like giants refreshed, and are rubbed and dried by *O Haro San*. Then to a meal of fried fish (from the ocean), cutlets, chicken, and *unagi-meshi*. The electric lights are blazing in every room and hall, and there is here a Russian tea-room with *samovar* and cigarettes. This hotel was formerly much patronized by Russians and Frenchmen, and the landlord is praying that the war may soon cease, so that his jolly patrons may return to his pastures. After a ramble around the town and through *Yanage machi* (where we found a signboard over a billiard-room stating in English: "Push Ball Game, Happiness House") we return to our inn, have a little frolic with some *saké et cetera*, and then call for *futon*. In come the maids, staggering under loads of quilts, all silk, and light as air, which they make into a most comfortable bed, with clean sheets and pillows, and—good night—and so ended the first day. Condescend honourably to recline for august repose!

The next morning we breakfasted on Hakata turtle soup with *bonâ fide* calipash and calipee, which made us think of some dear old sprees at home. The police gentlemen came as a matter of course, to find out, who we were, what we were, why we were, and how much we were; these matters having been settled to their entire satisfaction, they took their honourable departure, and troubled us no more. We were now as free as birds in the air to have a good time in this old city and soon came across an enticing notice over a door: "Beer, Ramnade and Iced Cigarettes." We iced the beer, rammed down the lemonade and presented the cigarettes to the 'ricsha man, who after a while came to me with a ghastly smile and said: *Watakushi takusen biogi, danna san*. We then gave these fire-engines to an old woman, who smoked them all with gusto, and who is still, I am happy to hear, alive and doing well.

The Japanese Government has placed in Hakata three thousand Russian prisoners of war, who seem as happy as bees in a garden of roses. They had obtained permission to present a series of performances of their own national theatricals, to the inhabitants here, to which the Japanese flocked like ants, or as they

swarm around their own famous monkey shows in the temple-grounds. I suppose a tidy sum of money must have been captured by these captives on these shows, sufficient to enable them to lay in a stock of *vodka*, or, failing that, some tubs of Japanese *saké*. Good fellowship, friendliness, and fine consideration were shown to these fellows, but then these virtues are so deeply grafted into the bosoms of the Japanese that they would be kind even to his Satanic Majesty if he ever should venture to put his nose inside the Mikado's dominions. At present they have here nothing worse than demon foxes, and even these wag their tails with politeness. The policeman ties up his prisoner with a piece of string, and requests him with a bow to "honourably deign enter august jail," to which the captive answers: "Don't mention it!" (*Do itashmashite.*)

As these are not the "Letters of Junius," I will refrain from all politics, and just mention that they have crabs on the island of Enoshima as big as dogs, and that these brutes bear distinct marks of a warrior's visage on their shells. These crabs are supposed to be the descendants of defunct politicians who were in opposition to the granite wall of loyalty to the Imperial House, which braves the death and carries everything before it. So on the stage does the representation of the grand victories create the wildest enthusiasm; men grow wild with desire to join their brethren on the glorious battlefields. I saw Kawakami, the famous actor of modern drama, play "Othello" at the Nakaza Theatre, Osaka. He was assisted by his wife, Madame Sadayako, and a young lady from Tokio, whose stage name is Miss Akinamiko, whereas her real name is O Kinu San, and she is the wife of Kawakami's translator and secretary. In the Japanese version of this play, Othello is represented as the Governor of Formosa, and the people gave him a tremendous *Banzai*, thinking that he was a hero in the present war. This leader of the new drama told me that he was thinking of giving some performances in Shanghai on his way to London, to which I replied that he would doubtless have several crowded houses, as both foreigners and Chinese there would be eager to witness his style of performance.

Speaking about theatres, I remind me of a splendid performance given at the Kabukiza in Kioto. It was the old classic "Soga kyodai adauchi" (Soga Brothers' Revenge). The revolving stage, the snow-

storm, the famous Shogun Yoritomo sitting in judgment over the murderer, all were perfect. The dresses were Oriental in richness of silks and brocades, the swords real old masterworks of Muramasa.

But we are drifting away from Hakata, which deserves a few more *ardentia verba*. There are some fine streets in this city, where everything that earth, hand, or machinery produces, can be had at a high figure in gold *yen*. The bewitching "Hakata-ori" should be seen (and bought) at the Matsui Shokko, where each piece is labelled with price and dimensions. A shimmer of frost, a radiant hue of rainbow transparency, flowers of the morning with the dew on them, entwined in a tissue of rich silk, this is Hakata-ori. A Japanese *obi* made from this stuff is absolutely the loveliest thing going, and when embracing the waist of a Hakata belle its charms are if possible even greater. No wonder that a lady here loves her *obi* with a rapture surpassing all other feelings. Sixty, seventy, to a hundred *yen*, are not unusual prices for these ornaments. She cries till she getsit, and she does not cry long. "She sails the walks like a thing of li fe" (I am quoting from memory). Temples are here, grand and ancient, with fine avenues of stately trees; petrified pieces of wood, said to have once been parts of the Empress Jingo's ship, which was wrecked on this shore. Beautiful tombs of the Kuroda family are in the grounds of Sofukuji, the ancestral Buddhist temple. And the sea, "Genkai Nada" all around us, with its blue waters and pine-clad islands. But, alas, we must part and "if for ever, then for ever fare you well."

On our way back to Nagasaki we halted at dear old Takeo of glorious memory, and indulged in a fifty-*sen* bath in the famous marble tank. It makes one feel at once ten years younger or that much less old. Since my last visit Takeo has improved very much indeed. The Toyo-kan hotel now runs a foreign department under the name of "Oriental Hotel," which is managed by the landlady's daughter, a lady who speaks English with fluency. She was educated in the hotel line by Mr. Yamaguchi, the owner of the Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita, so that she knows a thing or two (or more). There are also two fine billiard-tables in a building on the hill behind the house, and large rooms, where guests can witness some Japanese dances: "Here at see things as for what



are?" *Koko de miru mono koa, nan desu ka*?). There is now actually an electric tramway running from the station to some favourite temples, to a waterfall and to a very fine park, where there is a large lake and some splendid scenery, so that Takeo is really coming to the front and may one day bloom as a second Saratoga or Monte Carlo.

I also had an opportunity of visiting the naval port of Saseho, but, under existing circumstances, I shall keep a discreet silence, about the headquarters of Togo San, the Great. Rice, beans, flour, coal, and a thousand other articles are now classed as contraband, and I have no desire to have my articles taken before a prize-court. Therefore,—I desist.

In A.D. 1692, Yoritomo, the first shogun of Japan, renowned for his bravery, great political acumen and wise diplomacy, but for ever infamous for his cruelty, who caused the death of his own brother and had his head sent to him at his capital of Kamakura, preserved in *saké*; this tyrant presented to one of his trusted squires, named Nagasaki Kotaro, the district which to-day bears his name. Nagasaki flourished under the Portuguese trade; later the Dutch came and introduced many foreign customs, amongst which were "Chon kina" and kite-flying. These high and mighty burghers had to proceed to the Shogun's capital, Yeddo, once a year and show their tricks to the Court, that is to say, they had to walk on all fours, knock their heads nine times against the *tatami*, and growl in deep Dutch: "*Gomen Kudasai*." When they came back, humbled in appearance but not in spirit, they swallowed the bitter pill and screwed additional prices out of their merchandise. So they spoiled the heathens and again became plantigrades. The entire district gained much in knowledge, medical science, commerce, fine arts, and "weltekultur" from these foreigners, but above all, thousands flocked under the banner of Christ, the nucleus of the present generation of devout believers, who have multiplied largely in spite of the bloody persecution of their forefathers by the Tokogawa shoguns. To-day the island of Kiushu holds more Christians than all the other dominions of Japan together. Kite-

flying is practised in Nagasaki only. In the spring time people assemble on these beautiful hills ; tents are erected, fun of all kinds runs wild ; *saké takusan* ; maidens in their finest silks swarm in lovely cycles ; grave and reverend Seigneurs, each armed with an enormous kite, try their best skill in sending their own pet as high as possible heavenwards. And with the glass-coated strings (glass ground as fine as powder) on these kites the warfare rages fast and furious ; he who cuts his neighbour's string is the winner—sometimes of very heavy stakes—and the loose, wandering kite becomes the property of whosoever catches it.

The rambles in the vicinity of Nagasaki are many, and all are charming. The roads are excellent for bicycles. Mogi, Obama, and Unzen are known by all foreigners, and much frequented. Deshima, the old Dutch Settlement, and the Russian village Inasa, where one might imagine himself in a Russian seaport, with billiards. *vodka*, and restaurants galore, are well worth a visit. So are the Mitsui Docks, the quarantine grounds and Suwa Temple. Fifteen minutes by rail takes you to the hot springs of Michi-No-Onsen, where a fine bath can be had at an astonishing small outlay. An ideal place for picnics, in a country where everybody goes picnicing. The real Madame Chrysanthème is the most attractive being on earth, in spite of what her "husband" may say in his book of wild fantasy. As regards the "Yellow Peril" they used to have them here in the foreign Settlement of Oura by the hundreds ; but, since the outbreak of hostilities these guinea gatherers have gone back to—Jerusalem. and Oura is much better without them, so say all of us.

My task is now ended. The vessel's bow points towards the Celestial Empire. Therefore, these, from the Land of the *Tatami*. My own country, my people, friends and dear companions ; the land of art, beauty, and charm ; of great men and lovely women. Destiny—kind providence—Kismet—what you will, has it in store for me to visit its shores once again. To laugh some more over the antics of the Taikomochi buffoon, and to fill my senses with the wicked, charming dance of the "Kappore," as the *maiiko* glides through its grace and devilry of motion, suggestion, and unspoken call.

And the hope, the desire of my heart, to lay my poor ashes  
under the shadows of these mountains, will make the time of waiting  
shorter, and the pleasure of anticipation sweeter.

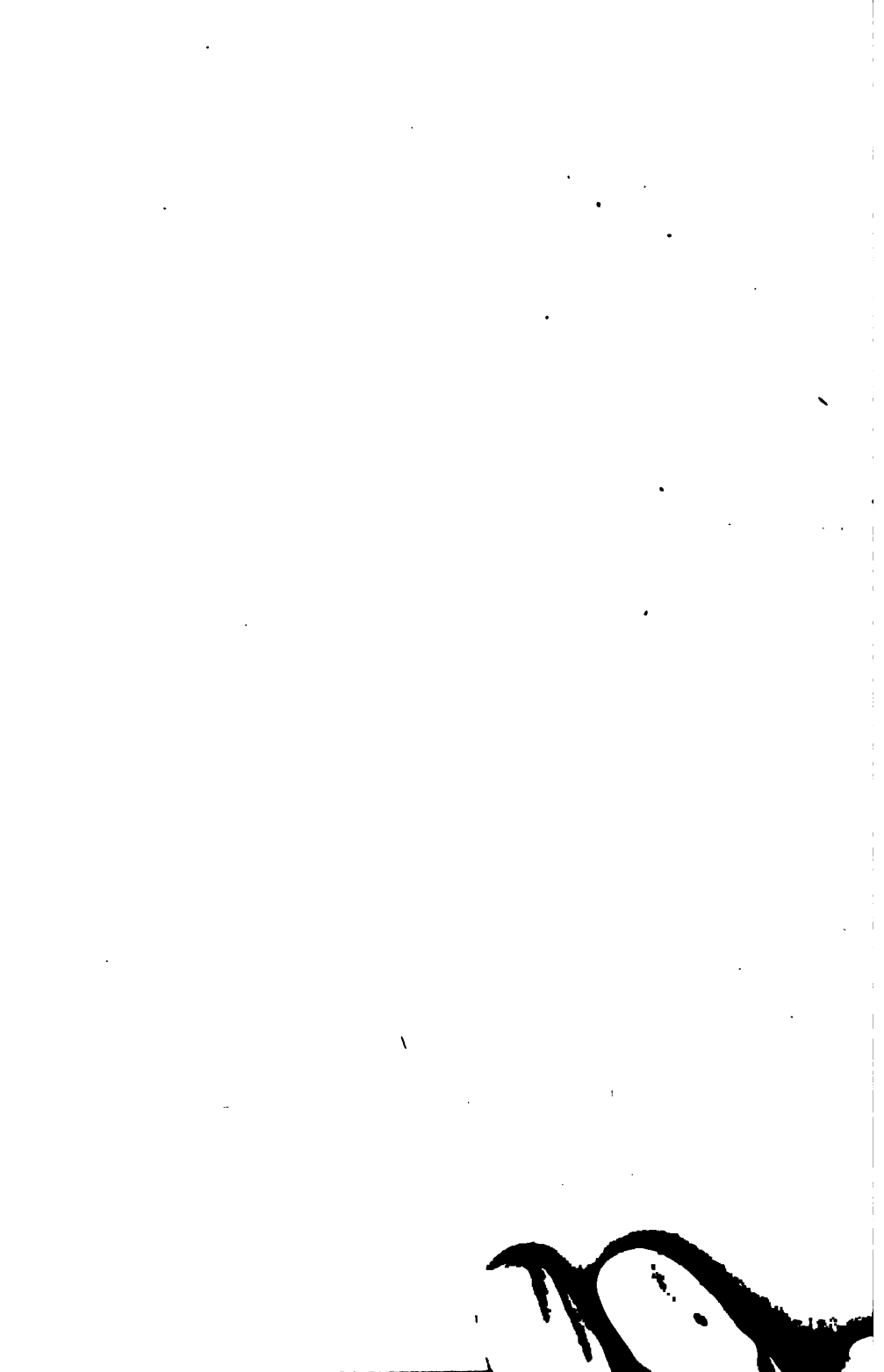
“Doch stets verfolgen die Blicke  
Der schönen Frau mich überall,  
Sie winken : Komm’ zurücke !”











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